

JUNE 12, 1880.

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 550.—Vol. XXI.

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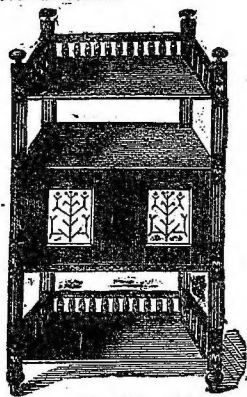
[PARIS, 1878

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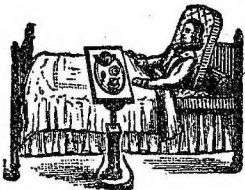
of extra fine quality, received from Constantinople. This last consignment has been bought marvellously cheap. A Turkey Carpet for a good-sized room, £12. These goods have been bought by agents especially despatched by Messrs. MAPLE & CO. for cash, and are of great rarity, some being very handsome old prayer rugs made over a hundred years. The prices are wonderfully low—in fact, one-third of that usually asked for these curiosities.



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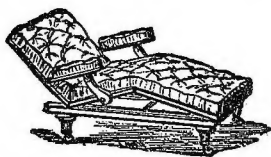
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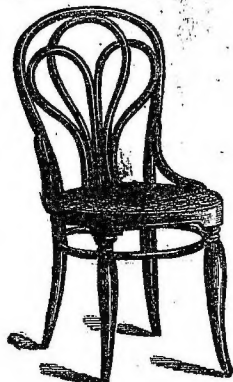
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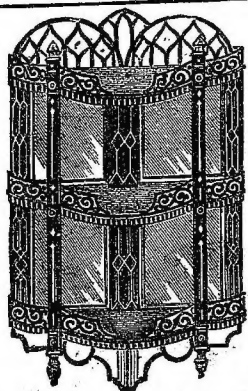
Book of Designs and Price List free per post.



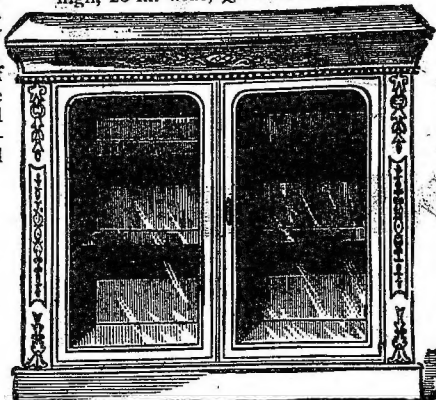
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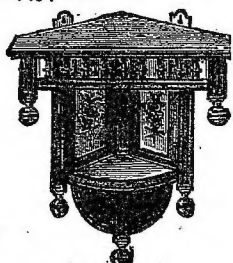
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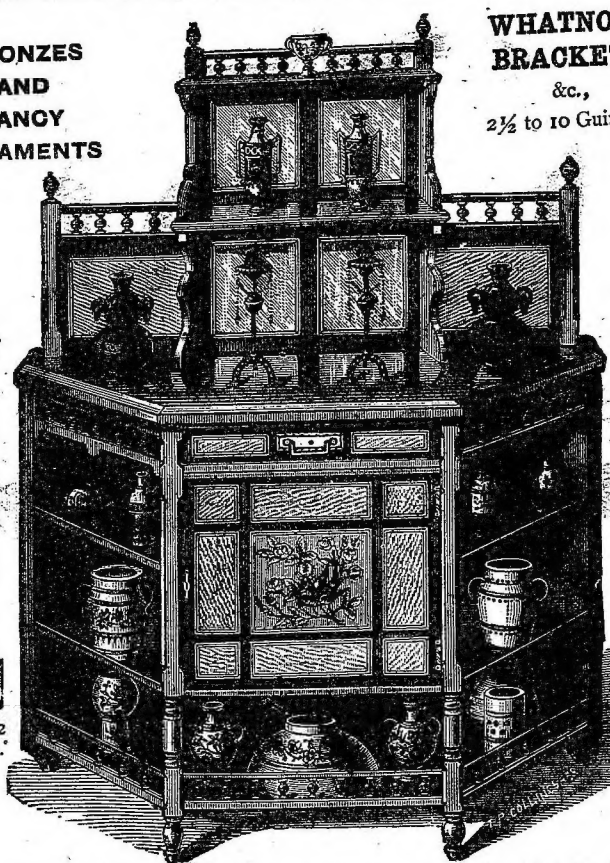


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Decorated bracket to fit in corner, 12s.

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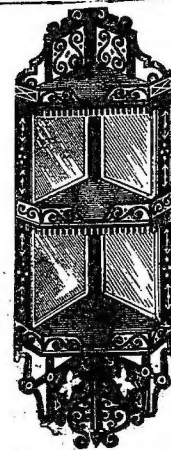
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4 ft.	£11 11 0
4 ft. 6 in.	12 12 0
5 ft.	14 14 0

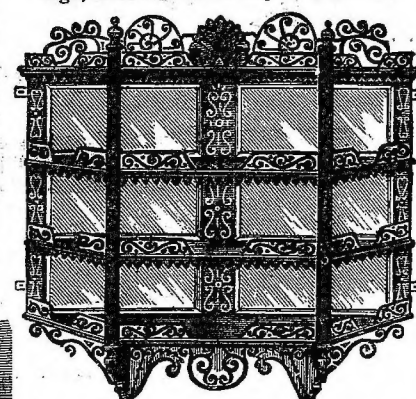
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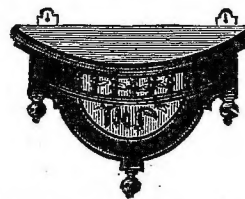
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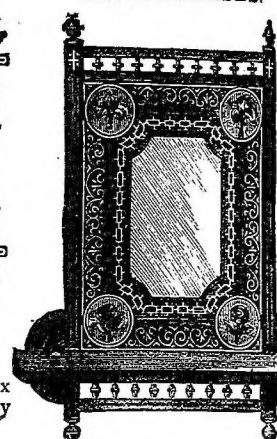
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in Tapestry, from 10 Guineas

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Brass and Iron, in stock from 8s. 6d. to 30 guineas

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Those are not genuine. They also give every BUN-Honeycomb, and other Fancy Trade Mark, as will be found on band attached.



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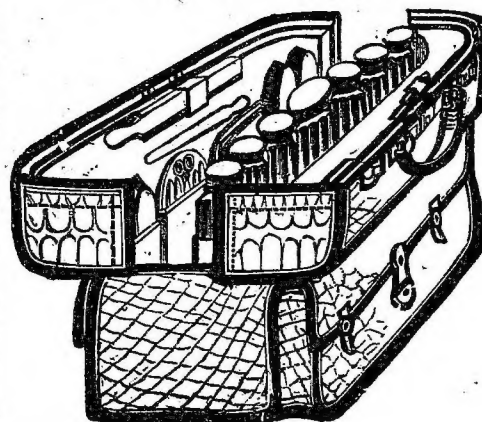
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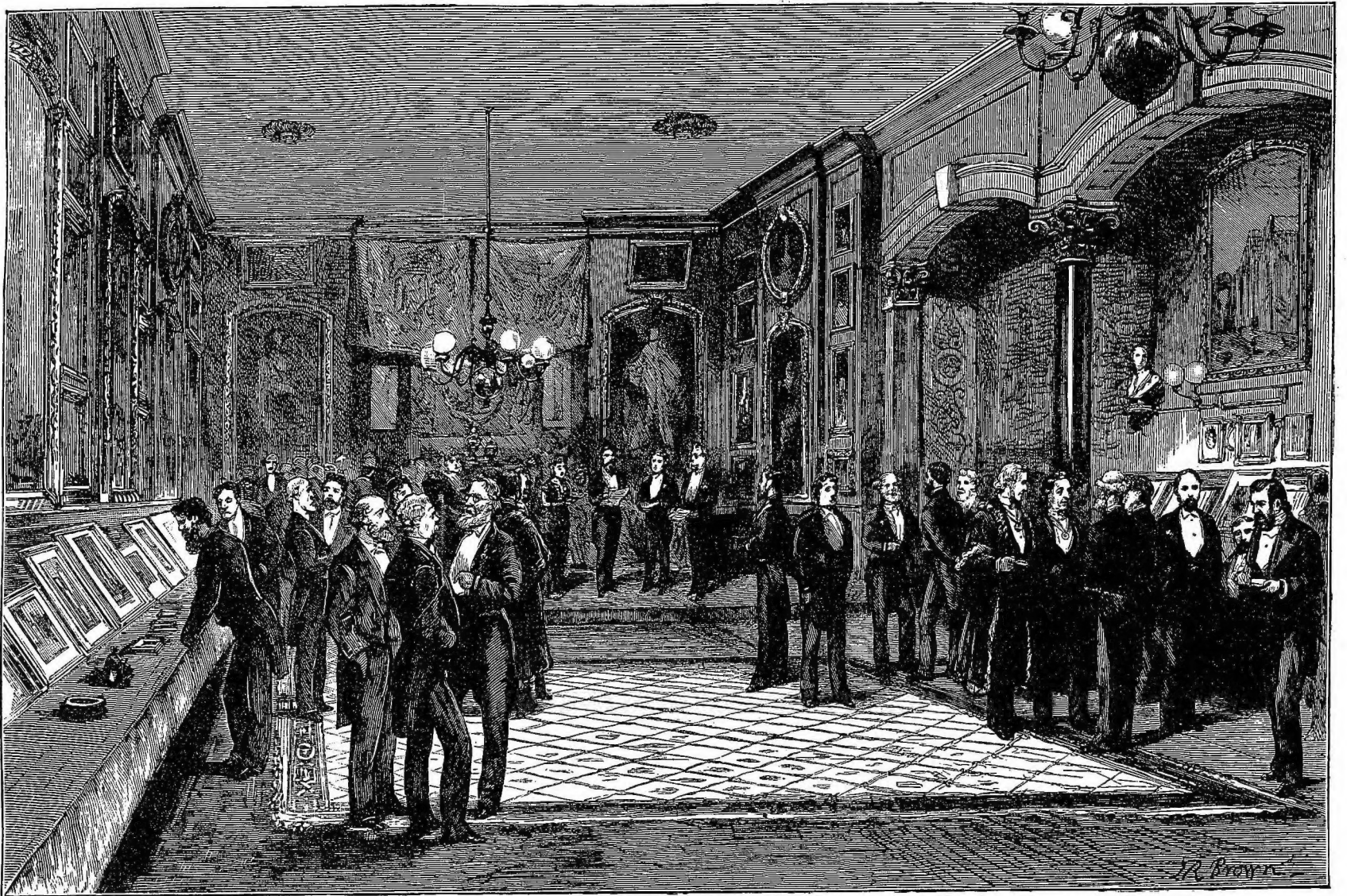
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

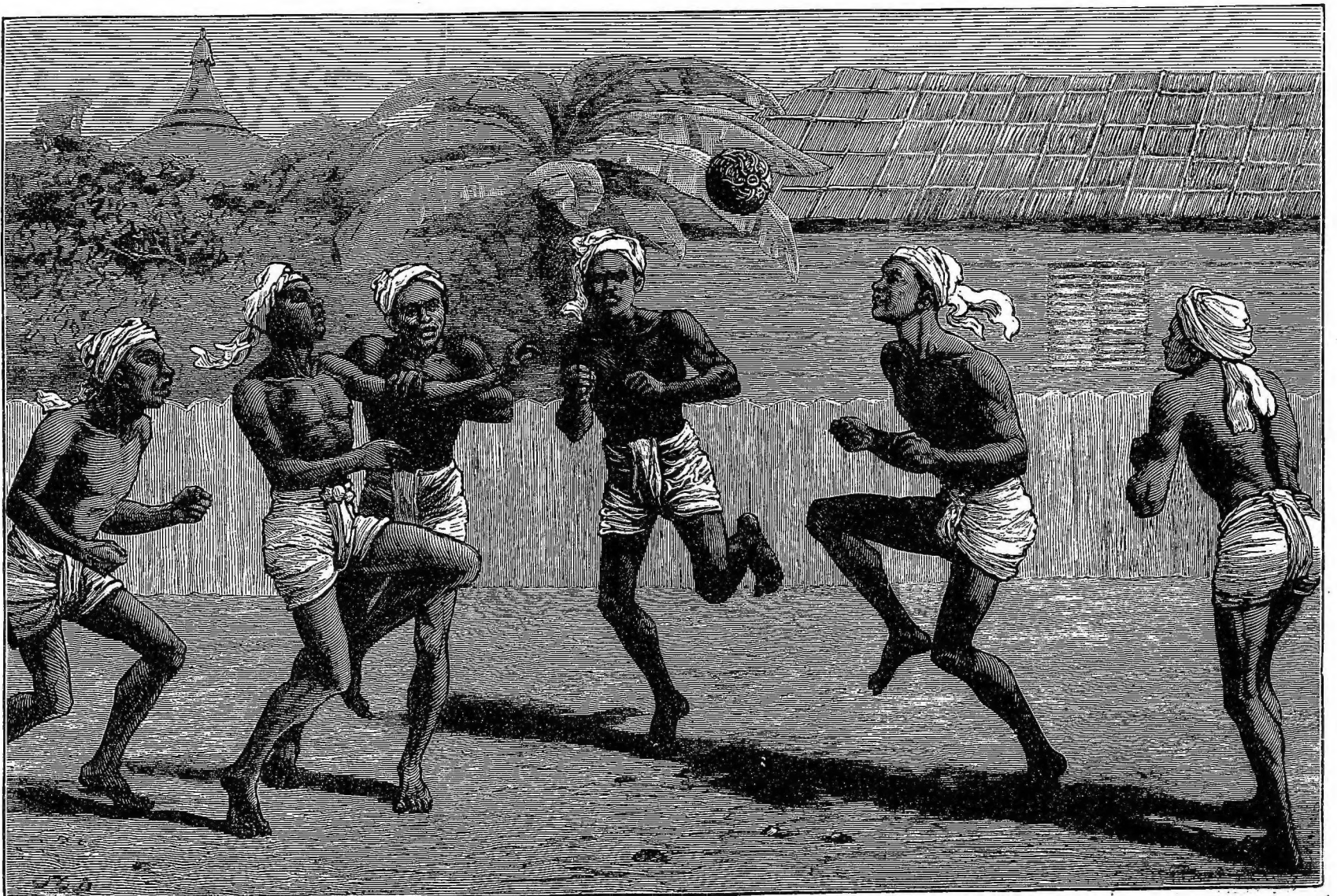
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Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1880

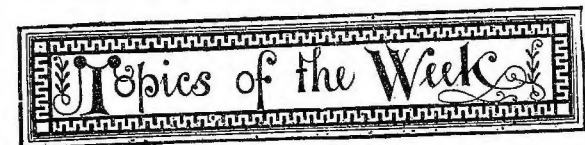
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A CONVERSAZIONE AT PAINTER-STAINERS' HALL



BRITISH BURMAH—A FOOTBALL MATCH



ENGLAND AND AFGHANISTAN.—The carefully-prepared statement of Lord Hartington regarding Afghanistan has caused deep dissatisfaction among those politicians who gave a general support to the foreign policy of the late Government. It would be useless to raise again the question whether that policy was, on the whole, expedient; but it is impossible not to see that the action of the present Government may be followed by some very unpleasant results. In the first place, we have to think of the impression which would be produced on the Afghans by the sudden withdrawal of our troops, and by a hastily-concluded peace. They know nothing of our internal disputes, and of the different ways in which our duty towards them is regarded by the various parties. All they know is that they are at war with England; and if England does anything which is capable of being represented as pusillanimity, they are certain to conclude that she is afraid of them, and that, intrigue as they may, she is not in future likely to disturb them. In India the effect would be still more unfortunate. Both princes and people have been taught to look upon the war as a struggle for the protection of our Empire. If, after all, we make little or no change on the frontier, many of them will inevitably suppose that we have ceased to be so anxious as we were about the stability of our rule. This would matter little if all of them were dominated by sentiments of loyalty and respect; but it is well known that we are intensely disliked by a large section of the population, who look forward with confidence to the time when they shall be able to deliver themselves from what they consider a foreign yoke. Lord Hartington is so calm and sensible a statesman that it is difficult to believe he will sanction any proposal without taking into account these obvious considerations.

CHOOSING A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—Whatever other benefits General Washington conferred on his native country by "kicking John Bull out of America," as Thackeray elegantly phrases it, he did not render American domestic politics more interesting to the outside world. The social and material progress of the Republic has always been watched by Europeans with the keenest interest and sympathy, but, except at one notable epoch, when the survival of the institution of slavery was in question, the partisan struggles of the United States have seemed, to observers on this side of the ocean, to be complex, difficult to comprehend, and devoid of genuine interest. Yet the United States "bulk" so largely in the eyes of the world, and there are so many of Uncle Sam's children settled or travelling in Europe who like to hear the latest home news, that the newspapers have for some time past devoted a very large amount of space to the preliminaries of the Presidential campaign. We use the word "preliminaries," because it must be borne in mind that this Chicago Convention, which has just selected as its candidate General Garfield, the "darkest horse" in the field, is only a gathering of one set of partisans. The real fight between Democrats and Republicans is yet to come. As we have observed above, it is difficult for Europeans to feel much interest in these contests. The selection of candidates is effected by a complex machinery which tends to juggle the electors out of their nominal power of choosing; and, as far as important principles are concerned, one candidate seems just as good as another. The progress of the United States will be much the same whichever of them is chosen. Here in England we should have preferred Grant, because he has already sat twice in the Presidential Chair, and because, like most men who know what war is, he is averse to disputes which are likely to breed war. Even in America, the excitement about these elections is mainly of an artificial character, and is produced by that noxious maxim, "To the victors the spoils." If in this country every official, from Secretaries of State to tide-waiters, was liable to be turned out of office upon a change of Government, party politics would become to a great many people of highly absorbing interest. Thus we arrive at the humiliating conclusion that the contest for the American Presidency resolves itself into a vulgar struggle for loaves and fishes.

SIR BARTLE FRERE AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The Government have certainly not won golden opinions by the manner in which they have acted with regard to Sir Bartle Frere. First of all they shocked their steadiest supporters by refusing to recall him. Their language in Opposition against him and his policy was so bitter that everybody anticipated his instant dismissal in the event of the Tories being beaten at the elections. There seemed, therefore, to most people to be something cynical in the determination of Mr. Gladstone to keep him in office, and the Radicals very naturally cried out that they had been betrayed. At first it was probably assumed that the outcry would soon die away, but the notice of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's resolution warned the Cabinet that it was about to be confronted by a split in the ranks of its followers. Had it then recognised the situation, and announced that Sir Bartle Frere was, after all, to be recalled, its frankness in withdrawing from a false position would have been generally approved, at least by the Liberal party. Instead of this, Mr. Gladstone announced that the whole question would be reconsidered at a later date; and

afterwards it appeared that although 500*l.* had been paid on account by the late Government to Sir Bartle Frere as High Commissioner, the remainder of his salary was to be withheld. If the Ministry did not intend by these proceedings to force him to resign, it certainly laid itself open to the suspicion of having this intention. The result has not been to raise it in the esteem of its opponents or to quicken the loyalty of its friends.

M. CHALLEMEL LACOUR.—Since the collapse of the Second Empire, we have had a pretty numerous succession of French Ambassadors in this country. Few have held the post for long. This is partly attributable to political storms at home, but it may also be due, as *Punch* hints, to the literal storms of the Channel, a serious consideration to a Frenchman, if as Ambassador he is expected to be frequently running to and fro between London and Paris. If this be the case, the completion of the submarine tunnel will render the St. James's Embassy a more coveted post than it now is in the eyes of Gallic diplomatists. The chief interest to Englishmen about M. Challemeil Lacour, should he be nominated, is that he is a genuine Republican. He is not one of those statesmen who choose Republicanism because it is the political creed which "divides Frenchmen the least," and who in their hearts would far prefer some form of Monarchy which should be consistent with constitutional freedom. M. Challemeil Lacour's Radicalism dates from the days of the *Coup d'Etat*, when to be a genuine Republican involved the risk of death and the certainty of banishment or exile. We are almost sorry that M. Lacour did not go to Berlin, as it might have done the autocratic Chancellor good to have to deal with a man whose principles are vitally opposed to Bismarckism. Here in England we have been accustomed to Radicals of all sorts for many generations, and therefore we shall receive M. Lacour with equanimity. Indeed, the feeling of many Englishmen is that hitherto, although styled a Republic, France has not really been Republican; the appointment, therefore, to important offices of men who truly believe that in Republicanism the best form of Government is to be found, tends to show that the country desires to persevere in the political experiment which has now been for ten years on trial.

ABOLITION OF THE CAT.—It was inevitable that the present Government should at the earliest possible moment put an end to flogging in the army and navy. They made so strong a point against the late Ministry in regard to this question, that the withdrawal of their pledges would have been inexcusable. The fact that they have not taken action at once seems to indicate, however, that they are rather less certain than they were of the expediency of the proposed step. They, at all events, admit that it is necessary to look about for some substitute for the penalty to be disused: an admission which they were by no means willing to make when the necessity was urged by the Tories as an argument for delay. It is, we believe, a mistake to represent the Tories, or any other class of Englishmen, as wishing to uphold the cat because of any supposed preference for rough methods of discipline. No political party has a monopoly of humanity, and there are probably as many Tories as Liberals who would like, if possible, to see order secured by an appeal to reason and sentiment. The whole question is one of expediency; and it cannot be said that on the ground of expediency the abolition of flogging has been proved to be wise, or even safe. There were only four cases of flogging in the navy last year; but it is obvious that the mere possibility of the penalty being inflicted may have had some influence on the imagination of the ruder class of sailors. The step which is about to be taken is an experiment, and if it ends well everybody will be pleased. But it is rather ominous that a large proportion of those who have had experience of the army and navy are not very sanguine of its success. The obvious difficulty in the matter is that, if we find we have made a mistake, we shall not be able to undo it, since a penalty of this kind, if once disused, could not possibly be restored.

ARUNDEL CHURCH.—Owing to the legal niceties which it involved, and the curious historical facts which it brought to light, the dispute between the Duke of Norfolk and the Vicar of Arundel excited a wide popular interest. The dispute would, of course, have never arisen had the Duke and the Vicar been of the same religious persuasion, and what we desire here to point out is the passionless impartiality with which the question was argued and decided. The judges gave the case a most patient hearing, they listened to everything which the appellant's counsel had to urge, and they only declined to hear the Duke's advocate because they had already made up their minds that the weight of evidence was in his favour. There was nothing absolutely theological about the suit itself, the issue was simply whether a certain building was part of a church or part of a man's private property. But it was steeped in a theological atmosphere, and from this, in public estimation, it derived its chief pungency. All the more credit, therefore, is due to counsel and judges (all Protestants, we believe) for their scrupulous avoidance of the introduction of any "polemical matter." It is almost of the nature of an insult to compliment our Bar on this self-restraint, because it is so habitual; but, supposing the cases to be reversed, supposing the Protestants were as small a minority in England as the Roman Catholics now are, would a Protestant Duke of Norfolk have obtained—the facts being

the same—a verdict against a Roman Catholic Vicar of Arundel? We leave our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen to answer the question.

PRINTS AND DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—We learn from the accounts of the British Museum that in the departments of prints and drawings no fewer than 4,750 new examples were acquired in the year 1879. Of these 460 were of the Italian, 363 of the German, 531 of the Dutch and Flemish, 1,002 of the French, and 1,976 of the English school. The collection is already one of the most splendid in Europe, and everybody interested in art must be pleased to see that it is being steadily enriched. Unfortunately, however, it is only a very small section of the community who profit by such accessions to the national treasures. Nothing could surpass the courtesy of the officials when any one secures admission to view the works under their charge; but the mere fact that admission has to be specially obtained deters large numbers of people from visiting the collection who would be delighted to examine it if it were open to all comers. It is difficult to understand why these charming productions should be locked away in cases, to be unlocked only for the gratification of a favoured few. After all, they belong to the community, and the community ought surely to have easy access to its own property. If it is said that a public exhibition of the prints and drawings would expose them to damage, we cannot help asking why this argument is not held to be conclusive in Paris or Florence. The truth is that it would be perfectly easy to take every necessary precaution, and that the sole explanation of the present system is the omnipotence of red-tapeism—a power which is nowhere more formidable than in the British Museum. The removal of the natural history collections to South Kensington will give the authorities a good opportunity for doing what should have been done long ago, and the public ought to take care that the opportunity is not lost.

CLEAR OUT YOUR CELLARS.—We have our own theory on the subject of the "Harley Street Mystery," which we shall, for the present at all events, keep to ourselves, but we may venture to remark that this discovery teaches us a useful sanitary lesson. Bad smells are notoriously prevalent in the basements of our houses, and there are numbers of cellars which are only used as receptacles for lumber, which are rarely entered by the servants, and probably never by the master and mistress. We do not suppose that there are many human bodies stowed away in these gloomy cavities, though the experience of Harley Street follows disquietingly close on that of Euston Square, but we have no doubt there is often a good deal of decaying rubbish which might be conveniently sorted out and handed over to the marine store dealer or the dustman. As a rule, "master" has no objection to visiting the wine-cellar, especially if he has a pipe of good sound port wine laid down there, but he fights shy of these supplementary subterranean chambers, where he gets his coat all over fluff and cobwebs, and often bruises his head against the roof. But we are sure it would conduce to the well-being of his family if he were occasionally to make this *facilis descensus Averni*.



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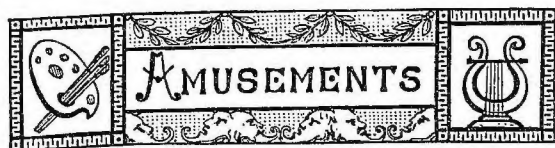
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—ADMISSION TO PALACE on June 12, 21, 23, 25, Seven Shillings and Sixpence each day, or by Ticket purchased before the day, Five Shillings.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Season Tickets, One Guinea.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL, dates as above; and Great Crystal Palace, July 5. Season Tickets admit to Palace on all the Festival Days, and on Rose Show days.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL FESTIVAL. Places and Tickets at Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL. REHEARSAL, June 12. Almost all the Solo Vocalists will appear at the Rehearsal.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL. Messiah, June 21. Solo Vocalists: Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Barton McGucken and Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley and Signor Foli. Trumpet Obligato, Mr. T. Harper.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL. Selections, June 23. Solo Vocalists: Madame Adeline Patti, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Osgood, Mr. Suter; Madame Trebelli; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Edward Lloyd; Mr. Santley. Flute Obligato, Mr. Bressa. Trumpet Obligato, Mr. T. Harper.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL. Israel in Egypt, June 25. Solo Vocalists: Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey; Mr. Edward Lloyd; Mr. Bridson and Mr. F. King.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL. Four Thousand Performers. Organist, Mr. Willing. Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING (excepting Saturday), at 7.45, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (21st time), terminating with the Trial Scene. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Concluding with an Idyll by W. G. Wills, entitled 'IOLANTHE.' Iolanthe, Miss Ellen Terry; Centurion, Mr. Irving.
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, at 8, THE BELLS (Mathias, Mr. Irving), and IOLANTHE. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.
Morning Performances of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE every Saturday during June, at 2 o'clock. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.**

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—THE DANITES, Joaquin Miller's famous American play, descriptive of life in the Far West, as depicted by Bret Harte. In order that the peculiar dialect and manner should be accurately given, the characters will be represented by the same company of American artists who have under the management of Mr. McKee Rankin—performed them in all the chief cities of the United States for the past three years. Sandy McGee (a Miner), Mr. Rankin; Messrs. W. E. Sheridan, G. Waldron, M. Lingham, E. Holland, L. Harris, J. Peakes, H. Lee, J. Richardson, and Harry Hawk; Mrs. McKee Rankin, Misses Cora Tanner, J. Waldron, and E. Marble. New scenery, depicting the mountain passes, rude log-huts, and grand trees of California, painted by Thomas W. Hall and Assistants.

CANTERBURY.—Great success of the Grand Ballet, NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Invented and Arranged by M. Dewinne. Music by M. Edouard Frewin. Premiere Danseuses: Mlles. Ada and Alice Holt, supported by Mlles. Broughton, Powell, Aguzzi; M. Dewinne, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

CANTERBURY.—NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Every Evening at 10. Brilliant Scenic Effects, Magnificent Transformation, Gorgeous Dresses, Pretty Music, and the Best of Dancers. "It is not easy to convey to the reader in words an idea of the beauty of the Ballet." "It is worthy to rank with anything of the kind that has preceded it." "Too high praise cannot be given to the principals, whose dancing is fairly enchanting."—Era.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists Every Evening at 8. Miss Nelly Poup, Miss Emily Mott, Marie Compton, Lizzie Simms; G. H. Macdermott, Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, Victor Liston, Fred Law, Caulfield and Booker, De Castro Troupe. Concluding with a Comic Sketch.

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THE NEW PROGRAMME EVERY NIGHT at 8. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, 3 and 8. NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS AND BALLADS. Re-appearance of that immensely popular comedian, MR. CHARLES SUTTON.

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SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS. The Encampment by Moonlight. The Bivouac around the Watch-fire. Grand Military Chorus. Tenting in the Old Camp Ground. The Sentry. Vivandiers' Song. The Alarm. The Picquet Guard. Breaking up of the Camp. Military Manoeuvres. Pastimes of the Troops.

GRAND PAS DES SABOTS. Tableaux Vivants. Allegorical Finale.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. VERY CATCHING, by F. C. Burnand; music by J. L. Molloy; After which OUR ASCOT PARTY, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with a New Second Piece, A FLYING VISIT, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s, 2s, 3s; Stalls, 3s and 5s.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, Egyptian Hall.—ENGLAND'S HOME OF MYSTERY.—Mr. Maskelyne's Original and Marvellous Entertainment is given Every Evening at 8, and at 3 and 8 on Saturdays. Herr Adalbert Frikell, the popular sleight-of-hand conjuror, and Little Louise, the Clairvoyant, give their clever performances every Afternoon at 3, excepting on Saturday.

EXHIBITION OF RHODODENDRONS, ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

ANTHONY WATERER'S EXHIBITION OF RHODODENDRONS in these Gardens is now ON VIEW daily. Admission may be obtained by orders of Fellows, or from the Exhibitor, ANTHONY WATERER.

***.* The fine Standard and other Rhododendrons and Azaleas in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, are from Anthony Waterer.**

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION FOR RHINELAND, WEST-PHALLIA, and neighbouring districts, in connection with a Universal German Art Exhibition at Düsseldorf, 1880, open from the 9th May to the end of September, 1880. This Exhibition, the largest that has ever been held in the German Empire, offers, in connection with the magnificent pleasure grounds of the Zoological Gardens, every attraction to the visitor. A very important Exhibition of Art Industrial Antiquities is to be found in a prominent Annex. Admission, from 8 to 10 a.m., 2 marks; from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., 1 mark. Every afternoon at 3 o'clock a large concert is held. In the evening the gardens are lighted by the electric light. Numerous elegantly-arranged restaurants, old-fashioned German wine and beer rooms, Vienna cafe, conditore, &c. In the centre of the main building is a reading-room with nearly 100 home and foreign newspapers, electric railway and lift to the tower view, &c. In the immediate neighbourhood are the stations of the Köln-Minden and Bergisch-Markisch Railways. The connection with the town is made by tramways, omnibuses, and a single track of the Bergisch-Markisch Railway. Post and telegraph offices. Gratis information concerning apartments to be obtained from the office, Bazarstrasse No. 5, Düsseldorf.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Ticket, 10s.

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THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.00 noon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by train the same day.

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GROSVENOR GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Ticket, 5s.

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INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from nine till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

FINAL EXHIBITION at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, PICCADILLY, of the WORKS of ELIJAH WALTON, the whole of which are for sale at very moderate prices. From 10 to 6. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.



CONVERSAZIONE AT PAINTER-STAINERS' HALL

THE Worshipful Company of Painter-Stainers held a *conversazione* at their ancient hall, Little Trinity Lane, on Friday, the 28th ult., the guests being received by the Master, Mr. John Gregory Crace, and other officers of the Company. The Hall itself is a quaint and curious building, and it contains a collection of pictures, among which are portraits of Charles II., who was a patron of the Company, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was an officer, besides many other pictures presented by artists who were former Liverymen of the Company. One of the rooms is completely fitted with painted panels. The *conversazione* was made the occasion of an Exhibition of drawings illustrative of modern decorative art, among which were some by Mr. Owen Jones and Mr. Crace. The Company, whose first charter was granted in the sixth year of Edward IV., but which had existed as a fraternity even before that date, were called "Peyntours," or "Paynter Stayners," because, according to Mr. Crace, a picture on canvas was formerly called a stained cloth, as one on panel was called a table. According to some, however, the name was derived from the fact of their chief occupation being staining or painting of glass, the illumination of missals, and the painting of altars. In 1581 the Company had a new charter of incorporation granted to them by Queen Elizabeth. One of their duties was to inspect work, to pass judgment on its merit, and to furnish estimates of its money value; and that they exercised this power is shown by the following minute under date March 10, 1673:—"That the painter of 'Joseph and Potiphar's Wife' and the 'Fowre Elements' be fined 3/ 6s. 8d. for such bad work."

The Company has at various times been the recipient of charitable bequests, and its funds are distributed under the control of the Charity Commissioners to about 200 old and needy persons. They were the first of the City Companies to open an Exhibition of works of decorative art, and they propose from time to time to arrange for the delivery of lectures suitable for the technical education of young men in Industrial Decorative Art.

FOOTBALL IN BURMAH

It is not an easy matter to get a Burman to do anything in the shape of hard work. In fact, most people find it difficult to get him to do anything at all except smoke gigantic cheroots, chew betel, and sit all night through listening to Zahrt Pwais, monotonous dramas, like Mystery Plays with all the morality taken out of them, and accompanied by music. Whether Burmese melody belongs to the Primitive, Enthusiastic, or the Later Depraved, we will not undertake to say; but there is not a doubt about the energy. This was the one thing, in fact, at which Jack Burnham displayed energy at all, until he was initiated into the mysteries of "corner kicks," and "tries," and "mauls in goal." It is perhaps a little ominous, in view of possible hostilities with Theebau, that the Burmese, with true British spirit, account for their delight in the game by the assertion that it is just like fighting. Fortunately, however, the subjects of the great Lord of Righteousness do not yet know the game. It is confined to British Burmah youth; but they play it with a pluck and energy which would gladden the heart of players who knew the Rugby game when there was only one rule—that you must not kill anybody, not even the umpire.

The game was first played in Burmah at St. John's College, Rangoon, which still remains the headquarters, and from which is almost entirely drawn "the Premier Eleven of Burmah." Immediately after the organisation of the College Club, a number of old home players—assistants in mercantile offices and others—became members, and were distinguished by the name of "Ta-myo-Dau-tha-do." "Their Honours the Foreigners." Association Rules are usually followed, Rugby Union being too hard work with the thermometer at 90°, and the ground as hard as iron with the drought. Moreover, the Burmans, as a rule, too light to have much chance under Rugby Union rules. They have all the best of it in the running and staying; but in the scrimmages they are swept right away. Few of them scale over nine stone, and weight goes a long way in Rugby Union. The dribbling game is, therefore, always played in matches, and the Burmans run the ball down the field at a pace which makes "backs" uncomfortable, while their passing is a sermon on unselfishness to the on-lookers.

A word about the chief matches played. A few months after they had learned the game, the Burmans, persuaded that speed would make up for lack of experience and weight, challenged the Ta-myo-Dau-tha-do. In the first match they were beaten by two goals to love. In the return they had their revenge, and defeated the Foreigners by two goals to one. In the divide, the old-country players mustered their best, and as was perhaps to be expected, repeated the score of the initial match. Then, after a season of internecine warfare, a series of matches between Kyoung-Dau-tha-do and Ta-myo-Dau-tha-do came off. The former were members of the school, and the Burmans had now two European masters on their side. Match after match was played; but it has not yet been decided which is the better team. A goal for the Foreigners was always capped by one for the other side, and every match is looked forward to with unflinching confidence by either side.

To appreciate to the full the exploits of the Burmese, you must remember that they play naked up to the hips, and that the majority wear no boots, the "backs" occasionally putting one on the right or left foot according to their station. This sort of rig may be cool, but it does not commend itself to the mind as the most suitable for a scrimmage. Nevertheless, not a man of them flinches, and the pluck with which they will meet a direct charge, and not unseldom get the best of it, through their lithe agility, is most astonishing. They seem to tuck their toes away in india-rubber fashion, and kick with the top of the instep. In lightning runs-down the side they are especially formidable, and it is for the wonderful kicks they introduce from their own game of Burmese football that they are principally remarkable. The Burmese football is a light, open cane affair, about the size of two fists doubled together. The object of the game, which is called Chin Loon, is to keep the ball as long in the air as possible without touching it with the hands. The skill of

a good player is something wonderful. He will jump the ball on his knee for a matter of five minutes, sending it up any height from one to twenty feet; then he transfers it to his foot, and does ditto, transferring it occasionally to the other knee or the other foot. Suddenly he sends it high in the air, and clips it as it comes down between his cheek and shoulder, thence to let it slide down his back or side to be sent flying with a heel stroke; or he will leap up and catch it between his ankles as it falls and jerks it into the air before his feet touch the ground. The game may be played by any number, from one up to eight. Our illustration shows a match of three against three. In such a case, it becomes a kind of rudimentary lawn tennis, though one man may keep the ball a quarter of an hour to himself, watching a chance to take the other side at a disadvantage. A really first-class player will keep up the ball in the air for the matter of an hour or two, till, in fact, he gets worn out with fatigue. Our illustration represents a native match, and with the foregoing particulars is from a sketch by Mr. J. G. Scott, Headmaster of St. John's College, Rangoon.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

MARIA FEODOROVNA, the Empress of Russia, who died on Thursday week, was the daughter of the late Grand Duke Ludwig II. of Hesse, and was consequently aunt to the Grand Duke of Hesse, who married the late Princess Alice, and to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. The late Empress, owing to her ill health and naturally retiring disposition, has taken less part in Court ceremonies and festivals than is usual with the wives of Sovereigns, but she was none the less greatly beloved in St. Petersburg, being, though a convert, a staid orthodox Churchwoman, and a great patron of the Pan-Slavonic party. This was indeed the only active part she ever took in politics. The Empress, however, was always foremost in any philanthropic work, and the numerous institutions in the Empire for alleviating human suffering and poverty, including the Red Cross Society and other Corporations for consoling the sufferers by war, were all under her patronage. Female and religious education was also her especial care, while the "Institutions of the Empress Maria," as the many societies are called which Her Majesty founded, will keep her benevolent work in remembrance among her subjects for many years. Born on August 8th, 1824, the young Princess of Hesse lived a very quiet life with her parents at Frankfurt, where in 1841 the Czarevitch Alexander of Russia stopped a night with the Grand Duke on his way to choose a wife from one of the two marriageable daughters of the Grand Duke of Baden. The Czar, his father, had drawn up a list of eligible wives for his son, but had not included the young Princess Maria of Hesse, and the Czarevitch was somewhat surprised, during his stay, at the apparition at the tea table after dinner of a young lady in white, of whom he had never heard. He at once entered into conversation with her, was charmed with her originality of mind, and horrified Prince Orloff, in whose charge he was travelling, by declaring that there was no need to go to Carlsruhe, as he had made his choice. He did go to Carlsruhe, but remained faithful to his determination, and after some delay obtained the consent of his father to the match. The Princess was a Lutheran, but changed her religion on her marriage, and has since been fervid even sometimes to an extreme point in the cause of her new creed. On the death of the Czar Nicholas, her husband succeeded to the Throne in one of the darkest hours of the history of modern Russia, and his subsequent coronation is one of the very few Court ceremonies in which she has ever taken a prominent part. The Empress has had seven children, one of whom—her favourite—the Czarevitch Nicholas, died in 1865. Of the others, Alexander, the present Czarevitch, has married the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, the third son Alexis has married the Grand Duchess Mary of Mecklenburg, while her only daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, is the Duchess of Edinburgh. Though the Empress had long been in a chronic state of ill-health there was no apprehension of any sudden fatal termination until the latter part of last year. Accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh the Empress went during the early part of this year to Cannes, but more alarming symptoms set in, and she was conveyed back to St. Petersburg, where for some months past, closely attended by her daughter, she has been lingering on the threshold of the next world. Even at the last her death was not immediately expected, her nurse being out of the room when she expired thinking that she was asleep, and the Czar was away at the time at Zarskoe Selo.

THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY

THE inquiry concerning the alleged heresy of Professor Robertson-Smith, the nature of which we briefly described in our last issue, was one which attracted an immense amount of public interest in England as well as in Scotland. Professor Smith's theories were at first startling enough to the majority of the Church members, who had been accustomed to believe that every book of the Bible was dictated to its supposed author by God; but during the prolonged discussion of the subject in presbyteries and synods, extending over a period of three years, they gradually became familiarised with them, and it was felt that the Confession of Faith, the recognised doctrinal standard of all the Presbyterian Churches, was so vague in its declarations upon the authorship and reliability of some of the books of the Old Testament that the bold critic could not be easily convicted of having contradicted it. The extraordinary acuteness, erudition, and modesty with which the Professor conducted his defence gained for him a strong and ever-increasing sympathy. Most of the other professors, nearly all the students, and a large number of influential laymen ranged themselves on his side, and at last, when the final vote was given deciding that he should retain his professorial chair with only the nominal penalty of an admonition to express himself with greater caution in future, the result was hailed with a burst of enthusiastic applause which clearly showed the tendency of the popular feeling. The number of votes given for Sir H. Moncreiff's motion and for that of Dr. Beith were remarkably close—292 and 299, and had the verdict been the other way there would probably have been a large secession from the Free Church. The party of toleration and liberality has gained a decided victory over the advocates of persecution. Portraits of several of the chief participants in this celebrated case appear in our engraving. Beginning at the upper left hand corner we have that of the Rev. T. Main, the Moderator, seated at the presidential desk, next come those of Dr. Begg and Professor Robertson-Smith in the order named. Dr. Rainey is seated at the table below, between two other members of the Court, and the Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff is leaning on the balustrade in the foreground of the picture. Our portrait of Professor Smith is from a photograph by G. W. Wilson and Co., 25, Crown Street, Aberdeen; the others are from sketches taken in court.

A SINGAPORE WORTHY

THE HON. HOI-AN-KAY WHAMPOA, C.M.G., M.L.C. and Consul for Russia, China, and Japan, died on the 27th March last, aged sixty-four. He was well-known and highly respected among the residents of Singapore for many years past, while with naval officers of all nationalities (with whom as contractor for the British and other Navies he came much in contact) his name was almost a household word for his never-failing courtesy and genial hospitality. Every stranger who came to the place had heard of Whampo, and went to see his house, gardens, and menagerie. His botanical collection, and his collection of curios, bronzes, &c., are well known through that portion of the East. Every book of travels touching on Singapore within the last thirty years mentions his name.



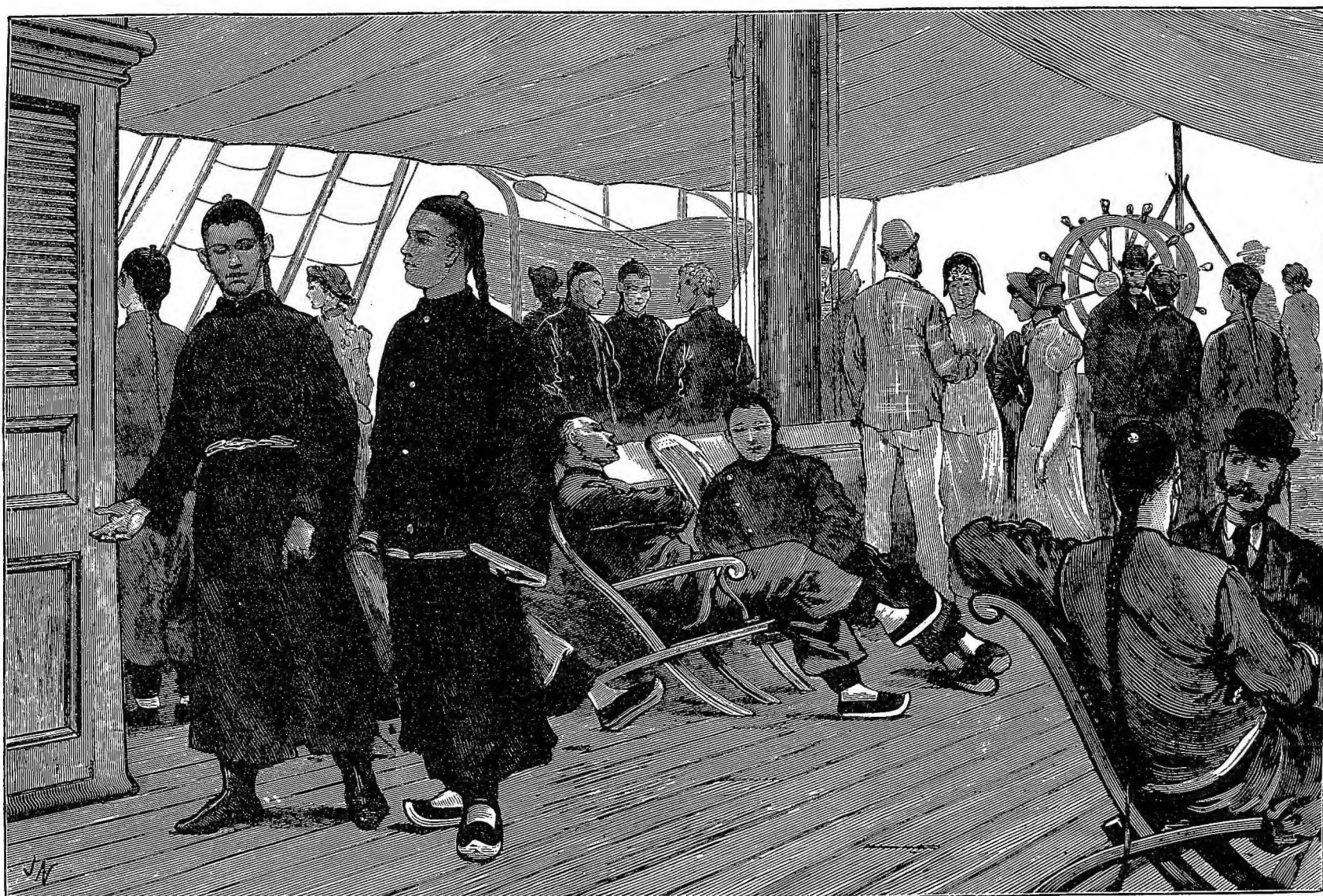
MARIA ALEXANDROVNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA
BORN AUGUST 8, 1824, DIED JUNE 3, 1880



THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND—PORTRAIT SKETCHES IN COURT DURING THE
ROBERTSON-SMITH TRIAL



THE LATE HON. AH-HOH-KAY WHAMPOA, C.M.G., MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN .



THE THREATENED RUSSO-CHINESE WAR—CHINESE OFFICERS RETURNING TO THEIR OWN LAND FROM SERVICE IN FOREIGN NAVIES

Having been adopted as a son by his uncle he succeeded him in his business in 1836, and by his shrewdness and industry soon became one of the wealthiest and most substantial of the Chinese residents of the place. He spoke English excellently, and was well acquainted with the literature and science of the West, but he still remained true to his own nationality, and when his only son returned from Edinburgh (where he was educated), completely Europeanised, Whampoa insisted on his returning to the faith, manners, and costume of his forefathers. He was respected by all classes of the community—natives and Europeans alike; he enjoyed the confidence and personal friendship of each successive Governor of the Straits Settlements and of all the officials, and his appointment as one of the Unofficial Members of Council in 1867 was hailed with general approval.—Our engraving is from a photograph kindly sent us by Mr. J. E. Taylor, H.M. Ordnance Staff, Singapore. It represents the old gentleman sitting in one of the gateways to his gardens with two grandsons and an attendant.

CHINESE NAVAL OFFICERS RETURNING HOME

ON board the *Yangtse* steamer of the Messageries line to the East, which left Marseilles on the 2nd of May, there were numerous Chinese officers returning to China, being summoned home in view of the impending trouble with Russia on the Kuldja question. Trained in the navies of France and England, their services are likely to be useful, as they seemed intelligent and full of animation, besides being national to the full in dress of different shades of blue, a button and the pigtail of extra regulation length. After three years of study with European navies these officers return for service with their own navy. Their army officers mostly study with the Germans. One of them told our artist how he served with our navy at Besika Bay, the passage of the Dardanelles, and was acquainted with the Turkish fleet, as well as our own. The Chinese fleet, which includes some iron-plated ships and gunboats, is chiefly used for coast duty. The Chinese officer in question seemed well up in Russian naval statistics.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY

If every one were to exercise the thrift and self-denial required for laying up a store against the day of necessity, charitable contributions would not be needed for hospitals; they would be self-supporting institutions. A long period of time, however, it is to be feared, is likely to elapse before such a happy state of affairs exists in this peculiarly thrifless country. Here, a large proportion even of the comparatively well-to-do live up to, if not beyond, their incomes. They do not, therefore, set a very good example to the poor, whose wages, where there is a family to keep, are barely more than suffices for their daily needs, especially when the bread-winner pays a heavy toll to the publican. Besides, the man who works for weekly wages has some excuses for unthrift which do not apply to his richer neighbours. His employment causes him to shift from place to place, thereby breaking up his home; and he is apt to be thrown out of work by slackness of trade or inclemency of weather. When an average workman of this sort falls sick, or meets with a serious accident, the hospital is his natural resource, for his wages cease with his ability to work, and the allowance of the sick club, if he is wise enough to belong to one, only serves to keep his family from absolute want.

Taking it, therefore, for granted that hospitals supported by voluntary gifts are a necessity in such a community as ours, they ought to be liberally supported. For a long time, as their claims were not brought prominently before the public, their support was too much left to that charitable minority who are always forward in all good works. The institution of Hospital Sunday is a move in the right direction. In pleading the cause of sickness and infirmity, the preacher, whatever his creed, can be equally persuasive. Numbers now give something (be it only a trifle) to hospitals, who formerly gave nothing, and the good example has also extended to that very numerous class who frequent neither church nor chapel. Our artists' drawings need but little explanation. The large picture represents a cot at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, and "A Tiny Patient" shows a child six weeks old at the same admirable institution. "Hospital" and "Home," are designed to exhibit the contrast between the two; the cleanliness and orderliness of the one, and (too often) the discomfort and the untidiness of the other. The ward shown is at the Royal Free Hospital, and is decorated by forty-two original pictures presented by various artists of eminence. "Convalescent" is self-explanatory. "Most of the Hospitals," observes our artist, "have some convalescent establishment at the sea-side, or power to send a certain number of patients to one." But the reader must not infer from these remarks that the supply of convalescent establishments is equal to the demand. They need to be greatly multiplied. Too often, at present, patients who are well enough to be discharged from the hospital, but who are not really fit for work, have to wait so long for a vacancy at the Convalescent Home, that when the opportunity comes they are unable to avail themselves of it, having been compelled by necessity to return to work in their feeble state, often to the permanent detriment of their health. In the multiplication, therefore, and enlargement of Convalescent Homes, there is a wide field for the energies of the charitably-disposed. "Out-patients" depicts a familiar scene. It is true that some persons who could well afford to pay a doctor obtain gratis medical advice in this fashion, but it should also be remembered that pinching poverty, and of the most deserving kind, often lies hidden under decent and even genteel apparel.

THE ATTACK ON MR. BURNES AT PERA

THE distress and disorganisation caused throughout the Turkish Empire by the late war have produced their usual effect. From various parts of the country outrages have been from time to time reported, and even in the capital Europeans feel that their lives and property are less secure than they were a few years ago. Close to the spot where Colonel Kummerau, the Russian Military Attaché, was assassinated last March, Mr. Burness, a British resident of Pera, was robbed and nearly murdered on May 11th by three Lazis (inhabitants of the borders of the Black Sea, near Erzeroum). The party had driven out to spend a pleasant day in view of the Sweet Waters when they were "balled-up" by the bandits. After the party had been compelled to alight, the robbers ordered the coachman to drive off, and the ladies would probably have also been maltreated had not another carriage opportunely arrived, whereupon the villains decamped, leaving their victim grievously wounded in the throat. The trial is deferred until Mr. Burness is sufficiently recovered to give evidence, but one of the ladies has already identified two of the assassins.—Our engraving is from a sketch taken on the spot by Major the Hon. J. Colborne.

VIEWS AT OBERAMMERGAU

"WHIT-MONDAY," says Miss Twemlow, from whose sketches our engravings are taken, "the first celebration of the Passion-Play at Ammergau, was favoured in the morning by sunshine and an agreeable temperature; during the afternoon performance a thunder-storm burst over the village, the rain poured down—to the detriment of the bright new costumes; but the choristers, unprotected as they were, received the shower-bath phlegmatically, whilst in the uncovered seats, an umbrella war was declared, and a sharp fight with sticks soon demolished the most obnoxious of these view-obstructors. Too much has already been written on this unique spectacle, the Passion-Play, so I refrain from giving any details; and no description can convey an adequate idea of this performance. The

combinations of colour, the grouping of the different scenes and tableaux vivants, superintended by Herr Kastl, a Munich artist of renown, are beyond all praise; occasionally when a ray of sunshine illuminated in the happiest manner certain sections, one might imagine these living pictures, so many masterpieces of Rubens, or Titian, or Raphael. The acting is irreproachable; each one of the *dramatis personæ* seems identified with the character he represents; there is no ranting, nothing trivial, nothing vulgar or grotesque to jar upon the cultivated taste. Calm self-possession, dignity of attitude, sobriety of gesture, and a natural nobility and grace united to a vivid intelligence, render these simple mountaineers masters and models of the histrionic-art. This is an instinctive gift with them, and in the intervals of the Passion-Play decade, for their own local amusement, they get up theatricals during the summer months. The influx of strangers was immense, 8,000; the majority of the course, being English or American; 3,000 were unable to obtain seats, consequently a second (extra) performance took place on Tuesday. The weather was wretched, we were literally swathed in clouds, actors and spectators were perished with cold and saturated with rain; in the evening snow set in, and fell persistently for twenty-two hours; the cold was intense, but in the Alpine region the thermometer is subject to sudden changes. Joseph Maier (Christ) appears for the last time this year. It will be difficult to substitute so perfect an impersonation of the Redeemer. To surpass him would be impossible. His whole bearing is faithful, fully in keeping with the Divine Ideal; his voice is sympathetic, penetrating, and capable of the deepest pathos. In the Mount of Olives and Last Passion scenes he moved the spectators to tears, and provoked a murmur of applause respectfully repressed. On all sides, as the crowd dispersed, fragmentary observations of satisfied and surprised admiration were heard; and in truth it is a subject of amazement when we recollect that this mountain village has no contact with the outer world save once in ten years, when the intercourse with what is called civilisation is necessarily very superficial. A more interesting population cannot be imagined. Neither poverty nor riches abide here; an equality of fortune and station establishes a bond of unity and fraternity; all are genuinely pious; cleanliness with them is next to godliness; their houses are well ordered, and are all built on the same plan—stone *châlets*. Gaze has taken the largest as an hotel for the season, to the annoyance of the natives, who naturally have a right to profit by this foreign occupation, for the accommodation of which they are put to expense and inconvenience. It would be calumny to accuse them of greed or speculation; they receive no pay for acting—the honour of being elected is sufficient; and they are not extortionate in their demands for board and lodging—2s. a night for a large room, and meals in the same moderate rate."

Our sketches will be best explained by an extract from the Rev. Malcolm McColl's little book on the Passion Play, published by Rivingtons. "The village lies in the valley of the Ammer, a small clear river from which it takes its name. It is completely shut in by mountains. On the south-east towers the frowning Kofel, having on each side of it jagged peaks, covered with pines, and rising perpendicularly to the height of 2,000 feet. On the top of this precipice the pious villagers have erected a colossal cross between two pines. On the opposite side of the Ammer, the mountains, though high, are softer. They are clothed with pine, but immediately behind the village are green grassy slopes. The theatre, a wooden erection, is just outside the village, between two rows of poplars, and is evidently constructed after the model of an ancient Greek theatre." The Crucifixion group monument, which was presented by King Louis II. of Bavaria, is on the Kofelberg.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 601.

TEMPLES AND PALACES IN NEPAUL

AN extended description of Nepaul, which is an independent kingdom of Northern India, will be found in many easily accessible books. It is enough to state here that Nepaul Proper is situated in a mountainous region, well-watered, and abounding with stately trees. In this region is situated the great valley of Nepaul, some forty or fifty miles in circumference, bounded on the north and south by stupendous mountains, thickly dotted with villages, and chequered with fertile fields. As the valley stands some 4,000 feet above the sea, the climate rather resembles that of Southern Europe (except that the rainy weather is in the summer) than of the tropics. The towns of Khatmandu, Patn, and Bhatgong are in this valley.

Khatmandu, the capital, where the Rajah resides, and of whose "Durbar" we give an engraving, is remarkable for its numerous wooden temples. Some other temples are built of brick, and, as the pinnacles and roofs are splendidly gilt, they produce a very picturesque effect. Patn is a much older town than the present capital, having been built by the Newars, the aborigines of Nepaul, before the invasion of the Ghoorkas. It is adorned by several handsome edifices, among which are the Temple of Radha Krishna, and that containing the shrine of Pashupatinatha. Bhatgong is also one of the chief towns of the kingdom, and the favourite residence of the Brahmins of the country. Its palaces and buildings are in general of more striking appearance; and its streets, if not much wider, are at all events much cleaner than those of Khatmandu. From Bhatgong we give views of three buildings, namely, the Durbar and Temples with the Monolith of Rajah Bhupatindra Mulla, the Brazen Gateway of the Durbar, and Chaitya and other buildings.—Our engravings are from photographs by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Simla, Bombay, and Calcutta; lent to us by Messrs. Marion and Co.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 606.

THE BRUSSELS NATIONAL EXHIBITION

THERE are to be great festivities this year in Belgium to commemorate the jubilee of Belgian independence, it being just fifty years since the good citizens of Brussels raised the standard of revolt against Holland, and driving Prince Frederic, the King's son, who commanded the troops, from the city, declared their country independent, and elected a Provisional Government. The festivities will last for some months, and will be inaugurated on the 15th inst. by the opening by the King and Queen of a grand National Exhibition, a handsome structure which has been built on the Champs des Manœuvres, and which will contain chiefly exhibits of what Belgium and the Belgians have produced, either in the way of manufactures or of inventions or of Art, since 1830. The *façade* of the building, as may be seen in our sketch, chiefly consists of two pavilions, united by a semi-circular colonnade, in the centre of which stands a triumphal arch. In these pavilions, amongst other things, there will be a curious exhibition of specimens of the manufactures and Art products of bygone ages—such as jewellery, furniture, costumes, porcelain, carpets, armour, coins, &c., all of which will be curious and interesting to compare with similar articles of the present day. Foremost amongst modern exhibits will be objects relating to education, and in those at least we moderns may boast of having achieved a vast improvement. Behind the pavilions and the arcade are numerous temporary buildings containing exhibits and collections of various kinds, ranging from leather and pottery to railway carriages and fruits and vegetables. The applications for space have been great, and there are no fewer than 7,000 exhibitors.

The gardens are very prettily laid out, and, together with the buildings, occupy an area of some 70,000 square metres. The cost of the Exhibition is estimated at 48,000*l.* The entrance fee will be a franc after 10 A.M., before which time two francs will be charged. Season tickets will cost 30 francs.—Our sketch is a reduction from the original plan of M. Bordiaux, the architect.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION, BERLIN

THIS Exhibition was publicly opened on the 20th April last by the Crown Prince of Germany, in the presence of a host of notabilities, political, military, and scientific. It is rather remarkable that Germany, which is from its situation one of the least maritime of civilised countries, should have taken the lead in such a display as this; but people usually appreciate their possessions in proportion to their fewness, and thus it comes to pass that the German Empire, whose fishing-grounds are almost confined to the shores of the Baltic, sets more store (as regards State encouragement) on fisheries than the United Kingdom with its immense extent of coast-line.

The Exhibition in question was opened with an address by Dr. Lucius, the Minister of Agriculture, who told his hearers that the German Fishery Society, called into existence by the Crown Prince, being encouraged by the success of a native exhibition of fish and fishing apparatus in 1873, had now ventured on a bolder flight, and had asked all the nations of the world to join them.

The request had been heartily responded to, and contributions had poured in from all quarters—from the rivers of Russia and the Malay Archipelago; from Western Europe and the Mediterranean; from North and South America; from India, China, and Japan.

The British exhibits were less numerous than was expected; but, on the other hand, they were entirely due to private enterprise, and not, as in the case of most of the countries exhibiting, to Governmental exertions. The Scottish method of catching sea-fish was shown by Messrs. McCombie, fish-curers, of Peterhead. This firm exhibited a model herring-boat; and Messrs. Stuart, of Musselburgh, a selection of nets.

The contributions from the United States were very abundant and interesting, as might be expected from such an enterprising people, inhabiting a country which has, in its lakes and rivers, such unrivalled "water-privileges," and whose shores are bathed, at one extremity, by the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean; at another by the warm currents of the Gulf of Mexico; at another by the chilly stream which flows from the coast of Labrador.—Our engravings are self-explanatory.



POLITICAL EDUCATION.—On Saturday the "Workmen's Social Education League," the object of which is to give lectures and promote discussions on political and social subjects at working-men's clubs, held its annual meeting in the Theatre of the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Professor Seeley, who said that the difference between the League and the University extension movement was as the difference between a missionary preacher and a resident parish priest. It was with him a conviction of long standing that all those questions which they called politics were, properly speaking, subjects of teaching and of learning, and it seemed something like ludicrous presumption that almost every Englishman considered that he had a right to opinions upon a vast number of subjects, not one of which could possibly be in any way mastered without a long course of study.

MR. PARNELL'S LONDON ADMIRERS on Saturday assembled in force first in St. James's Hall, and afterwards at Trafalgar Square, to welcome him on his return from America. At the first meeting an address was presented, and at the second a resolution adopted, expressing gratitude and admiration for his labours "in the service of the starving thousands who had been reduced by the iniquitous land tenure system of Ireland to a state of bankruptcy, beggary, and famine." In returning thanks he said that he was sorry that the present Government showed signs of following in the evil footsteps of their predecessors, because as yet they had done no more real work; and, alluding to his election as Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, declared that the post, which was one of great difficulty and responsibility, had been forced upon him by circumstances.

ELECTION PETITIONS.—Judgments have been delivered in favour of Sir H. Tyler, M.P. for Harwich, and Mr. T. Greer, M.P. for Carrickfergus, both of whom have been declared "duly elected." At Evesham Mr. Ratcliff has been unseated through his agent's bribery; at Gloucester, where both Mr. Robinson and Mr. Monk were challenged, the election of the former is declared void, but the latter retains his seat, no evidence being offered against him. The petitions against the return of Mr. A. Orr-Ewing, for Dumfriesshire; Messrs. Pulley and Reid for Hereford; and Baron de Ferrières for Cheltenham, have been withdrawn.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—On Monday and Tuesday, Earl Cowper, the new Lord Lieutenant, received congratulatory addresses from the Corporation of Dublin, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Royal Hibernian Academy, the Royal Irish Academy of Music, the Royal Zoological Society, the Royal Horticultural Society, and the Irish Rifle Association. In the course of his replies he expressed his pleasure that it had not been thought needful to pass a new Peace Preservation Act, and his hope that the loyalty and good sense of Her Majesty's Irish subjects would ensure the maintenance of order and law. He feared that the wide-spread distress would for some time to come furnish matter for the deepest and most anxious meditation; but, as Mr. Forster had expressly declared, steps would be taken to prevent absolute destitution or anything approaching to famine between this time and next harvest. In reference to the Irish Rifle Association, Earl Cowper said that if any means could be devised by which the association could compete for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, it would give him great pleasure, especially if that prize could be won by an Irishman during his tenure of office.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.—Oxford has been *en fête* this week. Last week saw the performance of the Greek play at Balliol (quite a dramatic success), a concert at Queen's College, a ball at New College, and a fancy bazaar under the patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough. Show Sunday passed off as brilliantly as ever, the weather being clear and pleasant, though somewhat cold. On Monday there was the procession of boats, a concert in the Sheldonian Theatre and the University Ball; on Tuesday a morning concert in Queen's College Chapel, the Flower Show in the gardens of Worcester College, and the Commemoration Ball of the Apollo (University) Lodge of Freemasons. On Wednesday (Commemoration Day), honorary degrees were conferred upon Lord Aberdare, Professor Fawcett, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Alexander Grant, Admiral Sir Astley Cooper-Key, Professors Sylvester and Lister, and Messrs. Millais and Watts, Royal Academicians. The Undergraduates indulged in their customary noisy and humorous demonstrations.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.—On Saturday Sir J. M. Hogg, M.P., gave his annual banquet to the members and officers of the Board. Among the guests were the Duke of Cambridge, who responded for "The Army;" and the Home

Secretary, who, in responding for "Her Majesty's Ministers," said that the Thames Embankment was a work worthy of Imperial Rome; and that the Board of Works would certainly not have existed in vain if, in addition to this, it should ever bring into London an aqueduct equal to it in magnificence.

THE "ATALANTA."—On Tuesday the Admiralty received a telegram from Halifax, Nova Scotia, reporting the arrival of Her Majesty's ship *Blanche* from the cruise ordered to the eastward of Newfoundland. No trace whatever of any wreckage was seen. The thanks of Her Majesty's Government have been conveyed to the French Government for the energetic inquiry made by them on the coast of Iceland for any traces of the *Atalanta*. The name of the training ship is to be forthwith removed from the Navy List, and the official inquiry was to open yesterday (Friday) at Portsmouth, either in the dockyard or on board the flagship *Duke of Wellington*. On Tuesday all letters to officers and men of the missing vessel, which had accumulated at Portsmouth awaiting her arrival at Spithead, were returned to the Dead Letter Office at London. They numbered over 1,000.

EXTRAORDINARY WEATHER has been experienced during the past week. In London there has been much rain, and the temperature has been so low that it is difficult to believe we are within a fortnight of Midsummer. On Thursday morning a thick pall of fog hung over the metropolis. In the north the behaviour of the elements has been yet more eccentric, frost and snow alternating with hail and thunderstorms, and bitter cold winds, with intense scorching heat, the sun's rays having in one instance set fire to the thatched roof of a house.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.—The Board of Works has declined to take any further steps to bring about the opening of Lincoln's Inn Fields to the public, on the ground that they could not acquire the right to throw open the gardens unless by a special Act of Parliament.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM TRUSTEES have just entered into possession of a large bequest left to them fifty-seven years ago by a gentleman named White, subject to the life interest of the widow, who died only last year. The Trustees have received stock representing 63,941*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*, and dividends have accrued during the past year amounting to 1,299*l.* The legacy duty came to 6,369*l.* Some part of the money is to be spent in the erection of sheds in the inner quadrangle of the Museum, for the reception of sculptures recently housed under the portico. It is also intended to make a substantial addition to the south-eastern wing of the building, and to enlarge the Greek sculpture gallery.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Cave, G.C.B., formerly Paymaster-General and Judge Advocate, and M.P. for Shoreham, who resigned his seat at the recent dissolution, and was knighted at the same time. He was but sixty years old. Also the Rev. Charles Spencer Ellicott, the father of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who was eighty-two years old; and Sir Robert Burdett, Bart., brother of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, who was eighty-five years of age. The title passes to his cousin, Colonel Francis Burdett, of Richmond, Surrey.



SINCE the New Parliament met the Irish Members have by comparison been so quiet that sanguine people began to think their too-familiar effervescence was a phenomenon terminable with the existence of a Conservative majority. From this pleasing illusion the House was roughly aroused on Monday night. Dr. Lyon Playfair, the new Chairman of Committees, had not been an hour in his seat, when Mr. Arthur O'Connor, a new candidate for notoriety, abruptly moved to report progress. It being as yet only half-past eleven objection was, not unnaturally, taken to this course, and after receiving some attention, Mr. O'Connor was good enough to withdraw his motion. Immediately afterwards Mr. Finigan rose, and in his peculiar oratorical style—peculiar by reason of the infinite solicitude bestowed upon the emphasis of the smaller and more insignificant syllables—called in question the value of the services of Prince Leiningen as Rear-Admiral. The hon. member discoursed pleasantly on the foreign birth of his Royal Highness, and of course did not spare reference to the famous encounter in the Solent with a passing yacht.

After he had proceeded some time, it was discovered that the vote to which he alluded came under another heading, and Dr. Playfair, emulating, to tell the truth, something of the rapidity Mr. Raikes had brought to the condition of a science, rattled through the vote and declared it carried. Then uprose Mr. Biggar, with right hand outstretched, peremptorily signalling to the Chairman, and waving down in advance any other member who might presume to compete with him for precedence. With a judicial tone and manner that always sit upon him with a certain comicality, Mr. Biggar gravely rebuked the Chairman for his haste, and by way of warning to him moved to report progress. Mr. Parnell, quietly but none the less effectively, supported the insinuation, whilst "appealing to his hon. friend not to press his motion." It would be hard to say which was the more aggravating, Mr. Biggar's loud insolence or Mr. Parnell's polished insinuation. The combination roused the House to an angry pitch, which broke forth in tumultuous shouts when Mr. Biggar, with a graceful allusion to his "Parliamentary Chairman," condescendingly agreed to withdraw the motion, "though he would say that Dr. Playfair should apologise to his hon. friend."

Mr. Gladstone, who had been engaged in some abstruse calculation, probably not remotely connected with the French Wine Duties, had on Mr. Biggar's second uprising laid down the paper, and now began to move uneasily in his seat. His evident indication of rising was forestalled by Sir J. McGarel Hogg, who in the long tenure of his office as Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works had never seen anything like this. Amid cheers from all sides he protested against the conduct of Mr. Biggar, and amid renewed cheers indirectly invited the Prime Minister to interpose. Mr. Gladstone promptly accepted the challenge, and the crushing force of his eloquence, officially aimed for the first time in this direction, was speedily manifest. The Premier has an uncomfortable way of personally fixing his regards upon his antagonist, and now with hand outstretched, and flashing eyes bent upon the imperturbable Mr. Biggar, he showed that Mr. Finigan was in the wrong in the first place, and that Mr. Biggar's conduct had been "unreasonable and highly unbecoming." The lengthy smile which Mr. Biggar is on occasions like these accustomed to hang out across the lower part of his face assumed under this attack a nervous character. It was the first time the great gladiator had had occasion to try a fall with him, and Mr. Biggar seemed to find a difference by comparison with the gentle attention of Sir Stafford Northcote. Mr. Parnell coming to his assistance was speedily rolled in the dust. "No, no," Mr. Parnell called out when Mr. Gladstone set forth with the declaration that Mr. Finigan was altogether in the wrong. Rapidly demonstrating his proposition the Premier turned upon Mr. Parnell with the inquiry, "What now becomes of the 'No, No' of the hon. member for Cork?" The House, which has small reason to love either Mr. Parnell or Mr. Biggar, was delighted by finding them thus effectively handled. So great was the effect on the mind of Mr. Biggar that he positively offered

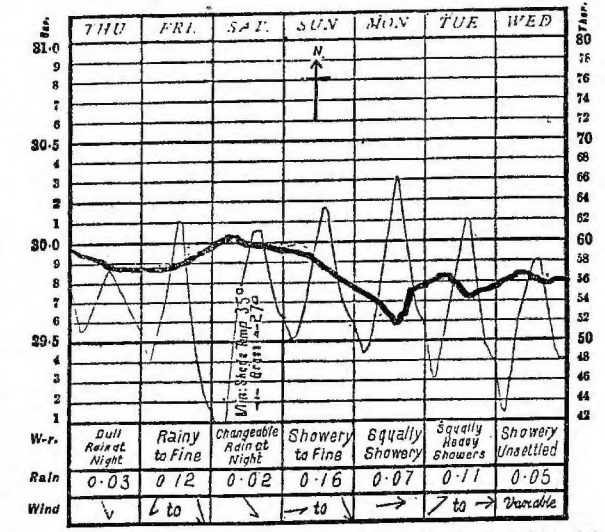
something which it appears passes in Cavan for an apology on the part of a gentleman who himself falling into an egregious error accuses another of wrong doing. At last Mr. Biggar, personally addressing Dr. Playfair said: "It now appears that you were justified in pointing out the error of my hon. friend (Mr. Finigan), and of course as I was in the wrong I had no right to ask you to apologise!"

After this, business progressed more satisfactorily, and, on the whole, a fair night's work was done. But it is already evident that if we have many of these interludes, the disturbing influence of which sometimes extends throughout a whole sitting, the fair prospect of work accomplished will not be realised. That the Irish members, having, in a Parliamentary sense, once tasted blood, will return in pursuit of fresh nourishment appears only too probable from what is known of the programme. The Irish Relief Bill, to which a morning sitting was to be devoted yesterday (Friday), will meet with uncompromising opposition from the representatives of the nation to whom relief is to be extended. The Bill proposes to advance a considerable sum of money out of the surplus funds of the Disestablished Church. This, to the Milesian mind, is a deadly insult. To feed a starving people with money in some sort their own does not accord with the notion of true charity current in Ireland, or at least in such portion of Ireland as is faithfully represented by the Parnellites. The charity they crave must all come from out of the pockets of the Saxon whom it is their daily habit to abuse.

The Bartle Frere incident has throughout the week flashed forth with intermittent fierceness. There have been, for some time at least, bi-weekly meetings of Liberal members, at which the attitude of the Government towards Sir Bartle Frere has been discussed. Since Mr. Gladstone's explanation of the reasons that induced the Government to retain Sir Bartle Frere at the Cape, the energies of the meetings have chiefly been directed towards inducing Sir Wilfrid Lawson to withdraw his threatened motion on the subject. The Member for Carlisle is, however, accustomed to be in a hopeless minority, and apparently rather enjoys the situation. Up to Monday he had successfully resisted all entreaty; but on that day, at a further meeting, he consented to abandon his motion in consideration of Sir David Wedderburn finding him an opportunity of delivering his speech on a motion to reduce the Estimates by the amount of Sir Bartle Frere's salary. On Tuesday even this diluted pleasure was destroyed. In reply to a question, Mr. Grant Duff stated that the vote for Sir Bartle Frere's salary would be withdrawn from the Estimates, on the ground that the duties for which the salary was assigned were being performed by Sir George Colley, who had already received an adequate payment. Whatever may be thought of the tactical change of front on the part of the Government, there can be no difference of opinion on the unfortunate character of the excuse. Mr. Courtney is doubtless dominated in his action just now by the desire not to incur the suspicion that would attach to hostile action on the part of a candidate for office, whose just aspirations had not been met. But on Tuesday he could not resist the temptation of dealing a blow at the Government by bringing out the fact that the arrangement now cited as a reason for the change of intention with respect to the vote had existed at the time the Estimates were framed. All this, as may be imagined, was "nuts" for the Opposition, who cheered, and jeered, and laughed, whilst poor Mr. Grant Duff displayed, in the trying circumstances, a hopeless lack of presence of mind, that increased by tenfold the embarrassment of the situation.

On Wednesday afternoon the Orders showed fifteen Bills soliciting consideration in various stages. They were, for the most part, small measures, in charge of private members, that will be inevitably wrecked on the shoals of the last weeks in July. The most important was the Bill, introduced by Mr. Richard Power, for assimilation of the Municipal Franchise in Ireland to that in England. The second reading was agreed to without a division.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
JUNE 3 TO JUNE 10 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has continued in a very cool, damp, and unsettled condition. With the exception of Monday (7th inst.), when the thermometer reached 66°, the day readings have very slightly exceeded 60°; the thermometer on Thursday (3rd inst.) the maximum was only 57°, and on Wednesday (6th inst.) only 58°. The nights have also been cool, the lowest minimum being that registered on Saturday morning (5th inst.), when the sheltered thermometer fell to 35°, and that exposed on the grass to 27°. Rain has fallen every day, and on Tuesday (8th inst.) a heavy shower of hail passed over about midday. The winds have been rather variable, but generally north-westerly or westerly; during the early part of the week they were of light or moderate strength, but on Monday and Tuesday (7th and 8th inst.) there were some strong westerly squalls. The barometer fell slightly during Thursday (3rd inst.), and rose during the latter part of Friday (4th inst.), but from Saturday (5th inst.) until midday on Monday (7th inst.) a gradual fall took place, since which time the movements have been extremely irregular. The barometer was highest (30.03 inches) on Saturday (5th inst.); lowest (29.59 inches) on Monday (7th inst.); range, 0.44 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (66°) on Monday (7th inst.); lowest (35°) on Saturday (5th inst.); range, 31°. Rain fell on seven days.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.—In reference to some remarks in our Glasgow Supplement last week, Messrs. Mayer and Co., of New Bond Street, write as follows:—"When these windows were executed, about a quarter of a century ago, there were very few, if any, erected in this country that could bear favourable comparison with them. No doubt a great improvement has taken place since in this branch of art, in which, however, we have certainly not remained behind, for instead of using enamels, as in the Glasgow windows, we have employed since several years only the best pot metal glass, like the English manufacturers, and, as far as artistic and beautiful drawing is concerned, Munich has always and we hope will always be famous."



HERR MAKART'S PICTURE OF "DIANA" which has only recently been finished has been sold to a Munich dealer for 5,000*l.*

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND ANNUAL DINNER takes place on the 19th inst., under the presidency of the Duke of Manchester.

A BOA OF NATURAL FLOWERS tied on the left side after encircling the throat has been adopted by fair Parisiennes anxious for novelty.

ART IN AMERICA is not always a lucrative profession, to judge from a notice in a store in Broadway, New York—"Original oil paintings at 1*l.* 4*s.* a dozen."

THE NEW FLAGS to be distributed to the French army on July 14 will be mounted on triangular flag-staffs, having a sphere at the base, and weighing 1 1/4 lbs.

M. TOURGUENIEFF, the Russian novelist, has been seriously ill, and has been obliged to leave Paris, where he usually resides, for his native air. He is now recovering.

THE SYDNEY EXHIBITION realised 45,000*l.*, and though the receipts are 5,000*l.* below the estimate they will probably cover the working expenses. The number of admissions amounted to 1,022,000, and exceeded all expectations.

THE GARDENS OF THE INNER TEMPLE are now open to the public every evening from 6 to 9 P.M. Until recently the gardens were not opened until the anniversary of Waterloo, June 18, but within the last few years the date of opening has been advanced.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL preliminary workings are going on so well, according to the *France*, that it is hoped that the work may be finished in three or four years. The stratum in which the tunnel is to be bored has now been reached by the first shaft, so that another will be sunk in order to lower the necessary machinery. It is expected that a distance of two kilometres (one mile and a quarter) under the Channel will be reached within eighteen months.

YOUNG LADIES WHO ADOPT A SEMI-MASCULINE GARB should take warning by a recent occurrence in a New York church. A couple came in, dressed alike in ulsters and round hats, and on being shown to a pew one of them immediately doffed his hat. The usher waited a reasonable time for the other to show the same token of respect, and at last, out of patience, reached over and knocked off the offending headgear, when to his horror he found that he had uncovered the curly head of a young lady.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL is now the highest building in the world, the towers, though still 51 ft. short of their definitive altitude, being 5 ft. above the Church of St. Nicholas, Hamburg, which has hitherto been the loftiest of the globe. The cathedral towers are now 524 ft. 11 in. high from the pavement of the cloisters, or 515 ft. from the church floor, while St. Peter's at Rome has a height of 469 ft. 2 in., and the Pyramids of 449 ft. 5 in.; St. Paul's is 365 ft. 1 in. high, and Notre Dame at Paris 232 ft. 11 in.

JAPANESE FANS have been in such demand lately that last year three millions were exported from Hiogo and Yokohama, whereas in former years the whole trade never exceeded 10,000. They vary in price from 55 to 15 yen (10*l.* to 1*l.* 5*s.*) per hundred, and though formerly, when the country had no relations with the outer world, the most expensive fan rarely cost 1*l.*, foreign demand has led to far more costly articles. The cheapest and most beautiful, by the way, are made at Tokio. In the process of manufacture one set of workmen prepare the plain bamboo stick, and another ornament the ribs and the handle, while the artist chooses the colours and the decorations for the back of the fan, and gives the design to the engraver to execute. The paper used is exclusively Japanese, foreign papers having proved useless.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,306 against 1,333 in the preceding seven days, being a decrease of 27, and 124 below the average. The death-rate still further decreased to 18.6 per 1,000, while during the last nine weeks the death-rate has only averaged 19.9 per 1,000 against 23.2 and 24 in the corresponding period of 1878-79. There were 60 deaths from whooping-cough (a fall of 16), 60 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 8), 32 from measles (a decline of 2), 20 from diarrhoea (an increase of 3), 16 from fever (a rise of 2), 7 from diphtheria (a fall of 10), and 8 from small-pox (a decrease of 2). There were 2,489 births registered, being a decline of 127, but 75 above the average. The mean temperature was 51.7 deg., 6 deg. below the average, and there were 16.6 hours of bright sunshine out of the 113.9 hours during which the sun was above the horizon—equal to 15 per cent.

THE BIRDS'-NEST HUNTING TENDENCIES OF SMALL BOYS has been ingeniously turned to account by a French provincial schoolmaster, who has formed his pupils into a "Society for the Protection of Small Birds and the Destruction of Hurtful Insects." The Association is divided into five classes, and a certain portion of ground is allotted to each class whose members are bound to report the number of nests and their inhabitants in their section, and to watch that they are not molested, or in winter time that the birds do not starve. Any member who removes a nest is reprimanded on the first offence, and on a second is at once expelled from the Society, and so well have the lads discharged their duty this bitter winter that fifty-five nests have been taken under their protection, and large quantities of cockchafer's and caterpillars' eggs destroyed. The lads are thus led to study practically natural history, and to practise kindness to the feathered race.

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION on a small scale is now on its way north—the American revenue vessel *Corwin*, sent out by the Government to search for two missing whalers, and to endeavour to communicate with the *Jeannette*. The *Corwin* is a fine wooden steamer, which has passed unharmed through exceptionally severe weather, and besides her own skipper, Captain Hooper, carries an ice pilot of great experience as a whaler. After coaling at Ounak and St. Michael's, the *Corwin* will watch for the earliest chance of entering Behring Straits, cruising meanwhile in Behring Sea to inspect the hunting grounds. As soon as the ice is open in the Straits she will search at once for the lost whalers, being provided with sledges and dogs for a land journey if needful, while she is also provisioned for nine months, and well fitted for an Arctic winter, if caught by the ice. Subsequently the *Corwin* hopes to meet the *Jeannette*, but as the latter vessel is well equipped for two or three years, little anxiety is felt on her score.

CHEWING GUM is a delight of American children which is little known to British juveniles, and in reality there is very little real "gum" at all in the common product usually sold. It is a refined product of petroleum, being in its rough state a dirty, brownish-yellow, unpleasant-smelling wax, the sediment of the coal oil when undergoing one of its straining processes. Melted, bleached, and refined the wax appears in blocks of toolbs., resembling clouded ice, tasteless and inodorous; the candy manufacturer then again melts the blocks down, adds 30lbs. of sugar to 200lbs. of wax, flavours and colours the mixture, and turns it out in appetising pieces. Youthful epicures sometimes prefer the balsam of tolu made from the resin of a South American tree—the *Myrspernum toluiferum*—and boiled till it can be run through rollers, coming out in a thin stick. "Snapping gum" is manufactured from the resin of the Central American "chicle" tree, which in its original condition exudes from the tree in masses of two or three pounds.



"HELP THE HELPERS!"—HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1880

FOREIGN

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Mr. Goschen was duly received in audience by the Sultan last week, the delay having arisen through certain objections which Sawas Pasha made to the short formal speech with which our Ambassador had purposed to present his credentials. The obnoxious passages were accordingly modified, and the speech delivered, Mr. Goschen merely remarking that he was "convinced of His Majesty's ardent desire to ameliorate the position and assure the general prosperity of his subjects without distinction of race and religion," adding, "I shall be happy if, during my stay, my efforts may contribute to obtain the desired result." There was a subsequent private audience of which the particulars have not transpired, but that the Sultan must in a degree have been impressed with the importance of doing something is evident from the fact that he has taken what has always been looked upon as the first step towards reform by dismissing Said and Sawas Pashas, the Prime Minister and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who are relatively replaced by Kadri Pasha, who has served under Edhem, and is credited with a desire for reform, and Abeddin Pasha. The decree appointing the new Ministers also instructs them to lose no time in introducing the reforms, and to preserve the good relations with the Powers. Of course, it is a very old plan of the Sultan to change his Ministry when hard pressed by the Powers, and to order his new Grand Vizier or Prime Minister to carry out at long-standing promises, which he no more intends to fulfil than at the time he made them. Still, it is evident that this time the Powers are unanimous in their determination that the provisions of the Berlin Treaty at least shall not be treated as a dead letter, and now that Said Pasha is removed from office it is possible that Mr. Goschen may find his task easier than he had hoped. He has not, however, as yet communicated the English programme, which is being delayed until a common agreement has been effected between the various Ambassadors, so that their simultaneous representations may have the effect of a collective Note. A meeting of Ambassadors for this purpose was held on Tuesday.

The meeting of the Supplementary Conference to consider the vexed question of the rectification of the Greek frontier has been called by Prince Bismarck to meet at Berlin on the 16th inst. Lord Odo Russell and General Sir Lintorn Simmons will represent England, Austria will be represented by Count Szechenyi and Consul-General Zwiedinck and Staff-Colonel Ripp, France by the Comte de St. Vallier, Italy by the Comte de Launay, Russia by M. Suburoff, and Germany by Prince Hohenlohe, who will preside.—The International Commission for Eastern Roumelia, which is to consider the scheme of organisation of the provinces of European Turkey submitted by the Porte, has been reconstituted, and will shortly begin work.

From MONTENEGRO there is little news save that Mr. Green, the British Consul at Scutari, has gone to Cetinje to endeavour to arrange the Albanian difficulty.—The famine in Asiatic Turkey is increasing, and a writer to the *Daily News* gives a terrible description of the scenes he witnessed during a journey from Diarbekir to Bagdad, stating that at Mosul people were continually dying in the streets, and that it was common to see men and children lying there naked, covered with the flies they were too weak to brush away.

FRANCE.—M. Blanqui was unexpectedly defeated at Lyons last Sunday, the Radicals taking M. de Freycinet's advice, and electing a possible candidate who will be able to freely advocate their proposition for a full and complete amnesty, M. Ballue. At Brest, on the same day, Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, an ecclesiastic who has been by turns a Republican and a Bonapartist, and is now stated to be a Legitimist, defeated the Republican candidate. There is little other political news, the discussions in the Chamber chiefly bearing upon financial matters, save for a brief debate on the action of the Government in punishing the *Triboulet*, a comic paper, which had offended against the Press laws in not first submitting its caricatures for authorisation. A Royalist deputy complained that the Radical papers were never molested, but M. Constans replied that it was not the subject of the illustration, but the disobedience to the law, which was punished. The Bonapartists have held a grand funeral service at St. Augustin, in commemoration of the anniversary of the Prince Imperial's death. The church was filled to overflowing, and on coming out M. de Cassagnac was the object of a popular demonstration, which at one time threatened to develop into a disturbance. The warm-blooded editor of the *Pays* is certainly highly popular with the humbler Bonapartists. M. de Chalmel-Lacour, a friend of M. Gambetta, an enthusiastic Republican and a powerful writer, is to be the new Ambassador to England.

An epidemic of duels has followed the Koehlin-Rochefort encounter, which duly took place last week at Geneva. M. Rochefort, wounded in the stomach. M. Meyer, editor of the *Gaulois*, challenged M. Rochefort, "should he escape M. Koehlin's sword," and the whole staff of the *Gaulois* have placed themselves at the disposal of the staff of the *Mot d'Ordre* for asserting that M. La Lajeune Vilar, the *Gaulois* reporter at Geneva, had shown the white feather because he had declined to fight M. Rochefort the younger, a lad of seventeen. He has since, however, challenged M. Lepelletier, the writer of the obnoxious paragraph. Then, again, a meeting took place between the Comte de Dion and M. Laffitte, the editor of the *Voltaire*, in which the latter was wounded; and on Sunday a duel was fought between the Prince de Santa Severina and M. Fronsac, a writer on the *Gil Blas*, the Prince being wounded in the arm. If this kind of thing goes on, the Paris journals, like their contemporaries of the Far West, will each have to keep a "fighting editor," in place of the "nominal editor," who in Germany and other countries weighed down by Press laws, suffers imprisonment when the journal falls within the clutches of the law. After all, perhaps the plan of the Paris journalists is better than our own. It has, at least, the advantage of being a shorter and less expensive mode of battle than a libel suit, while the severest wound is scarcely more than a deep scratch, and is certainly more pleasant to bear than three months' confinement in Holloway Prison, even as a first class misdemeanant.

In PARIS—duelling apart—the race for the Grand Prix has been the chief event of the week. The day was shockingly wet, and the favourite, Mr. C. Brewer's Robert the Devil, carried off the Blue Riband. The usual summer dullness pervades theatrical circles, and the only novelty is a five-act drama, *La Mendiante*, by MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Michel Masson at the Porte Saint Martin. The forthcoming *fête* in honour of the presentation of the new standard to the army has been fixed for the 14th of July. The ceremony will take place on the Longchamps racecourse.

RUSSIA.—The Empress of Russia was buried on Wednesday with all the State forms and ceremonies of the Russian Court. On the evening of her death the body was embalmed, and on Saturday the coffin was transferred to the Palace Chapel, the ceremony being attended by the highest civil and military dignitaries and the Imperial Family. Heralds also were despatched to various points of St. Petersburg to proclaim that on the next day the body would be removed in State from the Winter Palace to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. On Sunday, therefore, amid solemn salutes from various batteries and the tolling of all the bells in the city, the procession started, the hearse being preceded by various detachments of

troops, the banners and shields of the various Russian provinces, bands of Court pages, files of guilds and tradesmen with their banners, the gala coach of the Empress, a group of dignitaries bearing the seventeen Orders which had been conferred on Her Majesty, and hundreds of clergy bearing tapers. The hearse was drawn by eight horses, and the coffin lay beneath a baldachin of white silk edged with gold, and supported by four gilt pillars tipped with snowy plumes. Immediately behind came the Czar on horseback, wearing the uniform of the Empress's Cuirassiers, and then followed the remaining members of the Royal Family, the Grand Dukes being on horseback, and the ladies in closed carriages. At the bridge of the fortress all dismounted, and the Czar and the Grand Dukes themselves bore the coffin from the hearse to the catafalque. A funeral mass was there performed, during which the Czar and the Grand Dukes kissed the lips of the Empress, the others present kissing her hand. The procession was attended on behalf of the Queen by Lords Suffield and Barrington. The body of the Empress, attired in her coronation robes, lay in State until Wednesday, when the actual funeral ceremony took place. The announcement of the ceremony was proclaimed through the streets by herald, and at eleven o'clock in the morning the Czar and the Royal Family, the Diplomatic Body, and a host of dignitaries assembled in the cathedral church of the fortress. The Czar was met at the door by the Metropolitan and his priests, who offered him Holy Water, and then the funeral Mass commenced. The coffin was in the centre of the church, and was covered with a pall of cloth of gold, only leaving the face and one hand exposed to view. When the Mass was finished, the Czar and other members of the Royal family kissed the body for the last time, and the Czar placed the Imperial ermine in the coffin, which was then closed and lowered into the vault. This being done, the Metropolitan handed the Czar a silver plate with sand and a gold shovel, and the Emperor threw three small shovelfuls of sand into the grave. A salute from the troops outside concluded the ceremony, and the mourning flag over the fortress was lowered and replaced by the ordinary standard.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck is manifestly disheartened at the ill-success of his recent Parliamentary measures, and in a recent article in the *Cologne Gazette*, which is said to be "inspired," it is remarked that he has frequently observed that he would not accept a defeat upon the Ecclesiastical-Political question with the same equanimity with which he has borne the rejection of less important measures. The heads of a conversation with "a diplomatist of high rank" are then quoted, in which he vehemently denounced the "Parliamentary intrigue" which propagated the belief that he was indifferent to the fate of the Bill. His health had prevented him from taking part in the debate, and, moreover, his participation would have made the Prussian Church conflict appear to be an Imperial matter. He could not also risk "extending his last remnants of influence in speaking to the wind;" and then the Chancellor declared that in the German Parliament he had felt his authority, which had been put forward on behalf of the Samoan subject, compromised, and still more so on the Hamburg question, in which he had been thwarted by "factious party manoeuvres." Had it not been for the Emperor's positive command he would have resigned. Thus, should he energetically support the Bill and fail, he would be compelled to resign even without the Emperor's consent. "Our Parliamentary life," declared the Prince, "lacks leadership—or rather leadership is in the hands of the masses, instead of being directed by a General Staff of intelligence at the head of each political fraction." After complaining that the Legislators only considered what would please their electors, and not what was of utility to the country, he concluded by stating that "Any younger and more vigorous Minister, whatever his qualifications may be, will be fitter than myself to accept the dictation of the masses without consideration for political perspicacity." In the mean time the Committee on the "Canossa" Bill are manifestly prepared to report adversely to the Bill as it is, and have in their deliberations eliminated the gist of the Chancellor's provisions. In the Federal Council, however, Prince Bismarck is still all-powerful, and on Tuesday's sitting Prussia's proposal to incorporate the Elbe below Hamburg into the Customs' Union was adopted by a large majority. Magdeburg has been celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of her union with the House of Hohenzollern with great festivities. The Emperor was present, and witnessed a long procession of guilds and trades.

ITALY.—The Ministerialists and Dissident Left have fallen out again, and once more there is Parliamentary chaos. In receiving the deputations from both Houses, which presented the Addresses in reply to the Royal Speech, King Humbert spoke strongly on the point, remarking that while he perfectly understood the struggles of parties, "he lamented those unfruitful rivalries among politicians which retarded the progress of Parliamentary work. He was also grieved to see such constant personal dissension, the result of which was to render it impossible to predict in the evening what would happen on the following day. He warmly urged the necessity for concord."—The new railway up Mount Vesuvius has been opened with great ceremony, and the undertaking is pronounced to be a complete success.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Lord Ripon arrived at Simla on Tuesday, and at once assumed the reins of Government, there being no formal speeches or ceremony. Colonel Gordon has resigned the post of Private Secretary to the new Viceroy, stating, in a letter of explanation to the Bombay Press, that he repented of having accepted the appointment as soon as he had done so, and that he deeply regretted that he had not the moral courage to say so at the time. After acknowledging the kindness and consideration with which he had been treated by the Viceroy, he states that "God has blessed India and England in giving the Marquis of Ripon the Viceroyalty. He will succeed in spite of all obstacles, for God is with him, and who shall stand against him? . . . Depend upon it that this vast country will find, in spite of all obstacles, that the rule of the Marquis of Ripon will be blessed, for he will rule in the strength of the Lord, and not of man."

In Afghanistan General Donald Stewart has received orders to evacuate Cabul as quickly as the health of his troops will permit, as it is stated to be desirable that the city should be free from the army of occupation by October 31st at the latest.

UNITED STATES.—All interest has been centred in the National Republican Convention at Chicago, which for some days was the scene of some deliberative battles worthy of the French Assembly. However, after a while, the Delegates settled down to their work of choosing a Republican candidate for the Presidential election. The names originally put forward were Grant, Blaine, Sherman, Edwards, Washburne, and Windom. For the first eighteen ballots Grant and Washburne headed the poll far above their competitors. In the nineteenth ballot, a new name, Garfield, was introduced, and secured one vote. In the thirty-sixth ballot the anti-Grant Delegates gave their votes to Garfield, and the numbers then stood—Garfield, 399; Grant, 306; Blaine, 42; Washburne, 5; Sherman, 3. Mr. Conkling, the leader of the Grant party, then threw up the sponge, and proposed that the Delegates should unanimously vote for Garfield, who was accordingly chosen the candidate of the Republican party. Mr. Chester A. Arthur, who was a collector of Customs during the Grant Administration, was unanimously nominated Vice-President on the following day. Mr. James A. Garfield is a member of the Congress for Ohio and a senator elect, and led the Sherman Delegates in the Convention. He has risen from very humble circumstances in early life to his present position by sheer industry, and is particularly noted for his great linguistic talent. The Cincinnati Democratic Convention will meet on the 22nd inst.

THE COURT

THE Queen will remain in Scotland for another fortnight, returning to Windsor on the 26th inst. in order to spend the forty-second anniversary of Her Majesty's Coronation at the Castle. The two Princesses of Hesse are still with the Queen and the Princess Beatrice at Balmoral. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princesses attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. Principal Tulloch officiated, and in the evening Principal Tulloch dined with the Queen.—The Court is now in mourning for the Empress of Russia, the mourning being, however, lightened on Friday next, and left off altogether on the 29th inst.—Her Majesty has bought the picture of "Antwerp Fishmarket" by Mr. W. Logsdail, now in the Royal Academy.

The Prince of Wales with the King of Greece—who is now on a visit to the Prince and Princess—attended last week the Requiem Service celebrated at the Russian Embassy Chapel for the repose of the Czarina's soul, the Prince like the rest of the congregation holding a lighted taper during part of the ceremony. On Saturday the Prince and Princess with their children and the King of Greece went down to Gravesend to witness the cutter matches of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the Prince being on board his own vessel, the *Formosa*, and the rest of the Royal party accompanying vessel, the *Formosa*, came in second. On Monday the Prince and Princess with their children, the King of Greece, and the Duke of Cambridge went down to Tinsness Park, Sunninghill, for Ascot week, and in the evening gave a dinner party. Next day, with exception of the King of Greece, who came up for a few hours to London, the whole party, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, from Bagshot, and Prince and Princess Christian attended the races, but the Court mourning gave a very sombre appearance to the Royal enclosure. The Princes were again on the course on Wednesday, and the whole party attended on Thursday. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess will witness the annual Windsor Cricket Match, and subsequently return to town.—Next week the Prince of Wales goes to Holyhead to open the new docks on his way home, and on the 17th will stop at Llandudno to inaugurate the water-works.—On the 30th he holds a Levée on behalf of the Queen.—Prince Albert Victor as a cadet will enter Woolwich Academy, not Sandhurst.

The Duke of Edinburgh has gone to St. Petersburg to attend the funeral of the Empress. On receiving the news of her death, he left Devonport, where he was inspecting the Naval Reserve, came up to London, and started at once for Russia.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Saturday lunching with Sir F. and Lady Seymour at Kensington Palace. To-day (Saturday) they will be present at a concert at the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, Bagshot. The Duke has been invited by the German Emperor to be present at the autumn manoeuvres near Berlin, in which the Ziethen Hussars takes part, the Duke holding a honorary command in the regiment.—After visiting the Falls of Niagara, the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold went down to Chicago, where the Prince was present at the meeting of the Republican Convention, sitting with General Sheridan on the platform.

Prince William of Germany's future bride, Princess Augusta, has been formally presented at the Berlin Court, and a banquet was given in honour of the betrothal, the Emperor proposing the fiancée's health amidst a Royal salute.

CHURCH NEWS

A SINGULAR PROTEST against the appointment of Canon Ryle to the new Bishopric of Liverpool has, it is said, been sent to the Archbishop of York by a clergyman, who draws the attention of his Grace to "St. Paul's express statement, that a Bishop 'must be . . . the husband of one wife' (1 Tim. iii. 2)," on which he remarks that "if this Apostolic law does not mean one absolutely and one only, and not one after the other, it has no meaning at all, for it would then imply that a person not a Bishop might have two or more wives at the same time. Now, as Dr. Ryle has married four wives in succession, it appears to myself and to many others that your Grace, as guardian of the Truth in the Province of York, might with no impropriety interpose your high authority, and desist from consecrating that clergyman because of this undoubted bar."

THE BURIALS BILL was one of the principal subjects discussed in Convocation during the continuation of its sittings last week before being prorogued until July 13. The Dean of Chichester objected to the Bill, because it would create an intolerable grievance for every faithful member of the Church; and Canon Gregory, because the admission of various services into the churchyards would "cruelly confuse the minds of the poor and uneducated as to which was the truth;" while, on the other hand, Dean Stanley expressed his deep conviction that such a measure was desirable and necessary, not only as a political matter, but as a matter of Christian catholic charity and wisdom. After an animated debate, the House adopted a motion, suggested by Archdeacon Denison, expressing deep regret that Her Majesty's advisers should think it necessary to take away from the Church the exclusive control of her own churchyards; and from the Church the exclusive control of her own churchyards; and to this, on the motion of Canon Wilkinson, was attached the following rider:—"That this House especially desires, by this solemn protest, to deliver itself of all responsibility as to any dishonour which may be done to Almighty God by the character of the worship which, in the event of the passing of the Burials Bill, may hereafter be offered in her churchyards."

THE MACKONCHIE CASE.—On Saturday last Lord Penzance, as Dean of Arches, gave his decision in the new suit "Martin v. Mackonachie," refusing to grant the decree of deprivation asked for, because he thought it neither fitting nor seemly that the Court should pass by and ignore its own solemn decree of suspension, which was still subsisting, though wholly disregarded. His lordship remarked that any second sentence of suspension was of course out of the question; but the Court would afford every facility to the promoter for taking the suit to a higher tribunal by giving directions to the Registrar to draw up the judgment in such a way as to remove, if need be, any technicality which might prevent the whole matter being brought before the Judicial Committee. He added that it was more than probable that, whatever the decision of the Court, an appeal would be inevitable; and the promoter would, by that means, gain his end, if that end were justified by the circumstances, quite as soon as if the decree had been granted.

THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY held its annual meeting last week under the presidency of Sir William Muir, who expressed his astonishment that only 1,400l. had been raised during the year for the support of the Society, whose object was to remove obstacles which impeded the progress of religion: the arguments of infidels being met not timidly, but by going amongst them and boldly

challenging them. The Bishop of Carlisle, in moving the adoption of the Report said, that "one feature of the Press of the day was infidelity more or less pronounced, and those who wished to deal with infidel literature must write in the journals in which it appeared." The Rev. Donald Fraser said that "the remarkable thing about modern infidelity was that it asserted a moral position, and harm had been done by trying to force down the human mind, and by telling people that they must not judge by the intellect the Creator had given them. They could not do a more mischievous thing than try to spoil the moral integrity of man's mind." The Bishop of Rangoon said that "the Deists of India had worked their way up from a far lower level than that from which our infidels had to start. They believed in a personal God and the existence of a soul, and they appealed to the moral side quite as much as to the spiritual side of human nature."

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—A curious memorial upon this subject is about to be presented to the Queen by the Home Secretary. It is in the form of an album, bound in Morocco; and the signatures, each of which occupies a distinct page, are those of the Lord Mayors of London and York, and more than 200 Mayors and ex-Mayors of towns in England and Wales, who pray the Royal countenance to the removal of the restrictions complained of.



The Dutch performances of the company of players from Rotterdam, which have been given this week at the IMPERIAL Theatre, are interesting from more than one point of view. This is, we believe, the first time that the Dutch language has been heard upon our stage; but the efforts of the troupe under the direction of Messrs. Le Gras, Van Zuylen, and Haspels are not to be regarded as a mere curiosity. Our visitors come to us with an honest faith in their own abilities, and with a desire to exhibit to English playgoers a worthy sample of the histrionic art as cultivated in their country. It appears that in Holland, as here, there has been during the last ten or twelve years a revival in dramatic matters, with a corresponding increase in the public interest in all that regards the stage. The theatre of chief rank in Holland—the Stads-Schouwburg of Amsterdam—had fallen, like our own protected "patent" houses, into a condition of somnolent self-satisfaction, and going to the theatre in Holland had ceased to be a fashionable pastime; but of late societies of actors and authors have sprung up, who have earnestly striven to raise the standard of acting and of the acting drama. The Rotterdam house, from which the company now in London have come, represents a still later movement on the part of performers of note disappointed with the system of the older houses. They have carried on their enterprise in Rotterdam with success, aided by their own exertions and by subscriptions from sympathising citizens, but without any help from the State. They include one actor, Mr. Rosier-Faassen, who is also a dramatic author, and whose drama of Dutch life and national manners, entitled *Anne Mie*, was chosen for the opening night of the series of representations on Monday last. Thus the occasion possessed a double claim to attention—first as affording a specimen of Dutch acting, and then as offering an example of the modern native acting drama. Unhappily the greater part of the audience were presumptively compelled to do their best to understand the performance through the mist of a language entirely unknown to them; though this drawback was, in some degree, lessened by the circumstance that each visitor is provided with a careful synopsis of the play, act by act, drawn up for the occasion by the management, and translated into our language by Dr. Blikkers, an eminent Dutch scholar and linguist, who has been for some years residing in England. We are glad to be able to say that on Monday evening these enterprising Dutch folk fairly surmounted every obstacle; were able to afford much pleasure by an interesting play and admirable acting, and were rewarded by an enthusiastic reception. *Anne Mie* is not a work of any great depth or originality; but it tells a pretty story, introduces many characters which are well-conceived and cleverly drawn, and is characterised by that knowledge of stage effect which is rarely absent in pieces written by practical actors. The interest of the play is found in the pathetic nature of its story, and in its picturesque exhibition of peasant, farming, and village life in the island of Walcheren, and in other parts of the province of Zeeland. The play, which has, we believe, not been printed, being regarded as part of the exclusive repertoire of the Rotterdam Theatre, would, we think, be well worth the attention of English adaptors, though such rigid fidelity to truth in the matter of costumes as the Dutch players exhibit would perhaps disappoint our audiences by reason of the curiously sombre aspect of the Dutch peasants' invariable black velvet. The women, we may observe, though also delighting in black gowns, relieve the monotony of this colour by red kerchiefs displayed upon the bosom, and by that liberal display of coral necklaces and quaint gold ornaments in their ears, and around their neat white caps, which is characteristic of the Dutch women in humble life. Of the acting of the play we are fortunately able to speak in the highest terms. Miss Beersmans is a highly cultivated actress, capable of exhibiting much natural dignity combined with real pathetic power. She is unfortunately of too matronly a figure to represent—to the eye at least—satisfactorily a very youthful heroine; but the spectator soon learns to forget this fact in the interest and sympathy which she is able to awaken. Mr. Van Luylen possesses both humour and sincerity, and acts the part of the favoured suitor of *Anne Mie*'s daughter with a very fresh kind of truth. Some comparison might be instituted between Mr. Rosier-Faassen and our own actor the late Mr. Belmore. The part of the father, an old Dutch farmer whose reason becomes shaken by the sorrows brought upon his household, is played by him with a great deal of pathetic power. There is also an excellent piece of quiet concentrated acting by Mr. Haspels in the part of the villain of the play. Nor must we forget the simple, graceful, and thoroughly earnest performance of Mrs. Egner Van Dam in the part of Lise already referred to. On Tuesday, Miss Beersmans appeared in the character of Marie Antoinette, in a Dutch version of *Giacometti's* play, originally written for Madame Ristori.

The programme of the FOLLY Theatre has been further enlivened by the production of a domestic drama, entitled *Hester's Secret*, written by Mr. Pinero, of the Lyceum Theatre, a gentleman who has already contributed one or two little pieces to the stage. It is a mere trifle in one act, setting forth the embarrassments of a young lady through a clandestine marriage, which she conceals from her mother—a widow. There is humour in Mr. Pinero's dialogue, and skill in the unfolding of his story. The little play is very well acted. Miss Eliza Johnstone renders the harsh side of the widow's character with a degree of truth that is somewhat needlessly painful; but on more than one occasion she was able to touch the feelings of the audience very perceptibly. The part of the daughter is sustained by Miss Effie Liston—a daughter, if we are not mistaken, of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Liston. This young lady has a pleasing manner, and acts with taste and refinement. Mr. Westland, Mr. Carne, and Mr. Shelton are provided with parts in the piece which they play very carefully and effectively.

The Ladies' Battle has been revived this week at the ST. JAMES'S, with Mrs. Kendal (who has been absent for some weeks) in the character of the Countess d'Autreval.—Mr. Joaquin Miller's romantic play, *The Danites*, will shortly be transferred from SADLER'S WELLS to the OLYMPIC.—Mr. Albery's *Two Roses* has been revived at the VAUDEVILLE in the place of that gentleman's new comedy, *Jacks and Jills*.—The difficulties between Mr. D'Oyly Carte and the Board of Works having been overcome, the new SAVOY Theatre will be built without delay. It is expected that it will be ready for opening at the end of the year.—Miss Kate Lawler, late of the Gaiety company, has become the lessee of the ROYALTY Theatre, which will open under her management on the 19th instant.



THE TURF.—An Ascot week like the present, accompanied by cold wind and rain, and cheerless skies, and "Society" in mourning costume, is but a dreary business; despite the best racing in the world, and such for the most part it has been. The Trial Stakes, which according to custom opened the ball, produced a better field than usual, Ragman and Kaleidoscope dividing the favouritism between them out of nine competitors. The backers commenced business well, for the two animals just mentioned finished first and second, and Lord Rosebery claimed Ragman, the winner, for the 1,000l. for which he was entered. He may be useful in telling the stable, and especially Lord Rosebery, something more definite about certain horses than has as yet been ascertained. It seems that his lordship's fortune on the Turf is far behind that in the field of politics, for out of his large stud he can hardly find a winner even of second-class races. The Gold Vase was reduced to a match between Chippendale and Fashion, but it was a grand race and run at a rattling pace, each leading in turn; towards the end of the two miles, however, the elder had it all his own way, and won as he liked by ten lengths. Lord Bradford may be congratulated on having such a stayer as Chippendale, and also on the success of Zealot in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, which followed the Vase. Zealot, who made but a poor figure both in the Two Thousand and Derby, in this race showed himself a very smart colt, as he beat The Abbot, who ran second at even weights, and Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand, was only giving him 5 lbs. In the Biennial, Sir Charles upset a very hot favourite in Angelina, the talent apparently thinking they had only to put their money down on Lord Calthorp's filly to take it up again. The Ascot Stakes victory of Teviotdale was a foregone conclusion, and 6 and 7 to 4 was laid on him. He won easily enough with his light weight, as his running at Chester and in the Derby indicated he would. On the second day Bonnie Marden, the runner-up to Jenny Howlett in the Oaks, failed to win the Coronation Stakes, while Evasion and Ambassador could not get a place, the winner turning up in the outsider L'Eclair. However, Mask in winning the Ascot Derby and Petronel the twenty-second Biennial put backers on better terms with themselves, though they had to lay odds on in both cases. But their joy was short-lived, for in the Royal Hunt Cup, the prettiest race of the year, none of the favourites were in it at the finish, Strathern, the winner, starting at 40, Lord Clive, the second at 33, and Tertius who was next at 25 to 1. It was a curious coincidence that in a field of 31 the last mentioned horse whose name in Latin signifies "third" should have gained that place. Of the two favourites Sir Joseph was fifth, but Ruperra nowhere.—The Grand Prize of Paris, run on Sunday last, was won according to almost universal anticipation by Robert the Devil, who ran second to Bend Or in the Derby. Both these horses are now quoted at 3 to 1 for the Leger, and together backed against the field.

CRICKET.—The rain has again in some districts interfered with matches, but the grounds generally have derived much benefit, and we may now expect to see bowlers and batters confronted on more equal terms than has been the case for the greater part of the season.—The Public Schools have been playing several trial matches as usual. Among them we may note that the Winchester boys showed some capital batting form against the Gentlemen of Hampshire, scoring 205 against their opponents' 74, and that Eton held its own against a strong eleven from Esher. At Harrow the Harlequins were too strong for the School, at least in the first innings, when they scored 169 against 101. The Light Blues in their second attempt made 93, with four wickets to fall, M. C. Kemp contributing 46 by a very fine display of cricket.—The M.C.C. lost its match against Kent by 10 wickets. Last year it did not lose a single match against counties.—A very even and capital game, which resulted in a draw, has been played at the Oval between Daft's Eleven and an England team. The highest score was Scotton's 52 for England.—At Nottingham the rain caused the match between the County team and Surrey to be drawn, the former having the best of the game. No large scores were made on either side.—Yorkshire has beaten Middlesex notwithstanding the excellent batting of A. J. Webbe and I. D. Walker, who are making large scores this season.—Derbyshire seems going to the head this season, and has suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the M.C.C., losing the game by an innings and 104 runs.—In a match between the Australians and Eighteen of Malton and District, Spofforth for the former took nine wickets for 20, and Boyle eight for 24 runs.

AQUATICS.—As far as signing articles of agreement and making the first deposits go, the match between Hanlan, of Toronto, and Trickett, of Sydney, is definitely settled. It is to be rowed on the 15th of November next, and will be for the Championship of the World (now held by Trickett), the Championship of England (now held by Hanlan), and 200l. a side. Trickett will probably arrive in England about the end of next month, but Hanlan not till September.—At Cambridge the final heat for the University Pairs, generally called the Magdalen Pairs, was won by Jones and Prest, both of Jesus.—The entries for Henley Regatta, which takes place on the 17th and 18th inst., are beyond the average.—Among them are those of the Rowing Society of Frankfurt in the Grand Challenge and Stewards' Challenge Cups. Old Westminster boys will be glad to see that their school is in for the Public Schools Cup.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The *début* of Madame Sembrich being postponed on account of indisposition, the opera on Saturday was changed from *Lucia* to the *Roi de Lahore*. The Dresden *prima donna*, however, is announced to appear this evening as the forlorn "Bride" of Scott and Donizetti. On the night previous, for a similar reason, Madame Valleria being unwell, the *Mugeneros* replaced the *Africaine*. For the rest, we have had repetitions of *I Puritani*, *Faust*, *e Margherita*, and *Don Giovanni*. Of these the second alone claims a passing word, the cast of the others, in each instance, being the same as on former occasions during the present

season. It was as Margaret that Adelina Patti (with Mario for her partner) achieved one of her earliest and most legitimate successes, and since then every year has helped to refine and perfect her assumption. Such a triad of Gretchen as Christine Nilsson, Patti, and Albani, within the limits of a month, would justify any musically-given town in feeling a trifle conceited. That Faust is one of Signor Nicolini's best acting parts (Radames, in *Aida*, being his best) has been said more than once, and it is satisfactory to be able to repeat it. The opera advertised for last night was *Mignon*, which, with Madame Albani as the heroine, is ever welcome at this house.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Lohengrin* has again been played under the direction of Herr Richter, with a result even more satisfactory than on the occasion noticed last week. Wagner's opera will be given twice more, and so it is to be apprehended that Boito's *Mefistofele* may once more be laid aside this season, and the chance of hearing a new work of Continental celebrity, and applauding Madame Christine Nilsson in a new part, be lost to the operatic public. This is a pity. In revenge, however, *La Forza del Destino*, according to the composer's remodelled version, is actually in preparation, the leading female character being assigned to Madame Marie Louise Swift, an American lady, who formed one of Mr. Mapleson's recent company in New York, Signor Campanini undertaking the tenor part, with which he is already conversant. Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann (Wagner's Flosshilde at Bayreuth), whose *début* in the *Traviata* was casually mentioned in *The Graphic* of Saturday last, made a decidedly favourable impression, which, let us hope, may be strengthened on Monday, when she is to play in the same opera with Signor Campanini as Alfredo. Mdlle. Lehmann has the advantages of a good stage presence, a soprano voice of telling quality, and compass beyond the average, considerable vocal facility, and evident dramatic experience. Her success with the audience was indisputable. The Alfredo was Signor Bonfratelli, a new tenor, whose first appearance as Manrico in the *Traviata* (with Madame Marie Roze as Leonora) created a mild impression, certainly not warmed into fever-heat by his second. Another new comer has first to be thanked for bringing back to us once again the magnificent *Fidelio* of Beethoven, and next, for her truly artistic embodiment of the character of Florestan's heroic wife. Madame Eleonora Robinson (happy *non de baptême*) has been for some time recognised among the leading dramatic sopranos of Germany, and tested by her performance on Saturday evening, not without substantial warrant. She is esteemed at home as a Wagnerian singer, worthy to rank with Madame Materna herself—the original Brünnhilde. Madame Robinson possesses all the desired requisites for the adequate presentation of Leonora. If forced into comparisons we should say that her feeling of the character has more in common with that of Malibran and Sophie Cruvelli than with that of Schroeder, Devrient, Rosa Cillag, and Tietjens. Although costumed as a man, the tokens of real womanhood are almost everywhere perceptible, which unquestionably invests her impersonation with an extra and abiding charm. Madame Robinson is not only a practised singer but an actress of high intelligence. Her voice, a soprano of pure type, has the genuine ring, and she governs it with ease and wise discretion. This was exhibited in the great scene of the first act, which includes the beautiful invocation to "Hope." Here recitative, slow movement, and *allegro* were delivered with equal effect, and the whole as nicely balanced as instinct with earnest sentiment. The dungeon scene displayed the histrionic ability of Madame Robinson to conspicuous advantage. In the duet with Rocco (Herr Behrens) while the grave is preparing, the trio with Rocco and Florestan (Signor Candidus), the superb quartet in which Leonora interposes herself between Florestan and his relentless enemy, Pizarro (Signor Galassi), and the rapturous duet that ensues, when husband and wife are once more united, she was equally happy, giving due point and force to each and every situation. Mdlle. Martinez was the Marcellina and Signor Rinaldino the Jacquinio. The performance, under Signor Ardit, was generally efficient; but we cannot too often, or too strongly, censure the absurd custom of thrusting the grand overture, *Leonora* "No. 3," between the first and second acts, inasmuch as by its overpoweringly brilliant climax it puts Florestan's gloomy soliloquy, with which the dungeon scene commences, altogether out of order, thereby destroying the continuity of dramatic interest.

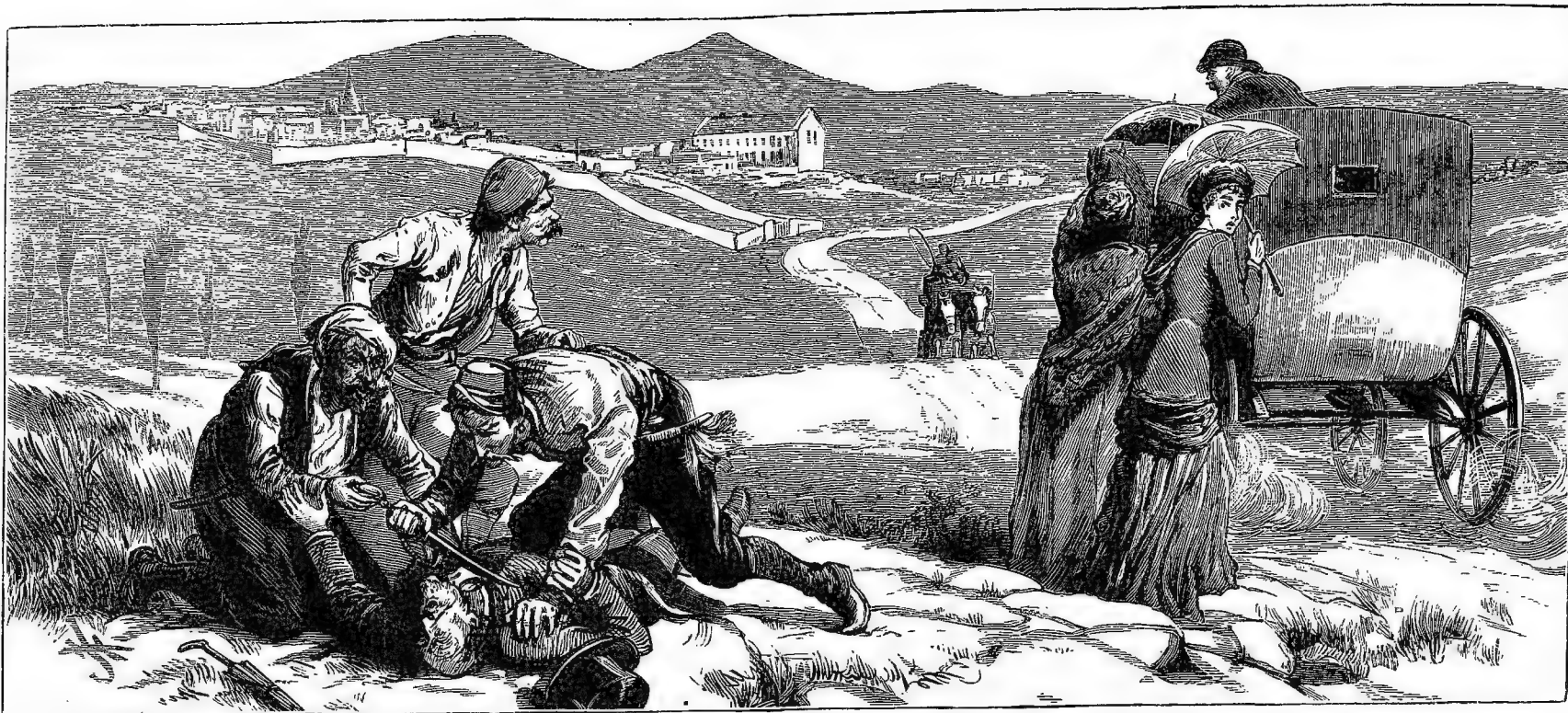
WAIFS.—The Théâtre des Celestins has been destroyed by fire and nothing saved but the library. It had only been built within three years to replace the old theatre which was also burnt to the ground.—The Emperor Wilhelm has signified his intention of presiding next October at the inauguration of the new theatre in Frankfurt-on-Maine.—Madame Christine Nilsson is said to be diligently studying the part of Semiramide, a fact which must greatly satisfy her legion of admirers, who, anxiously awaiting her appearance in some new character, were much chagrined that the promised *Armida* of Glick was not brought out last year.—It is rumoured that Signor Foli has seceded from Her Majesty's Theatre.



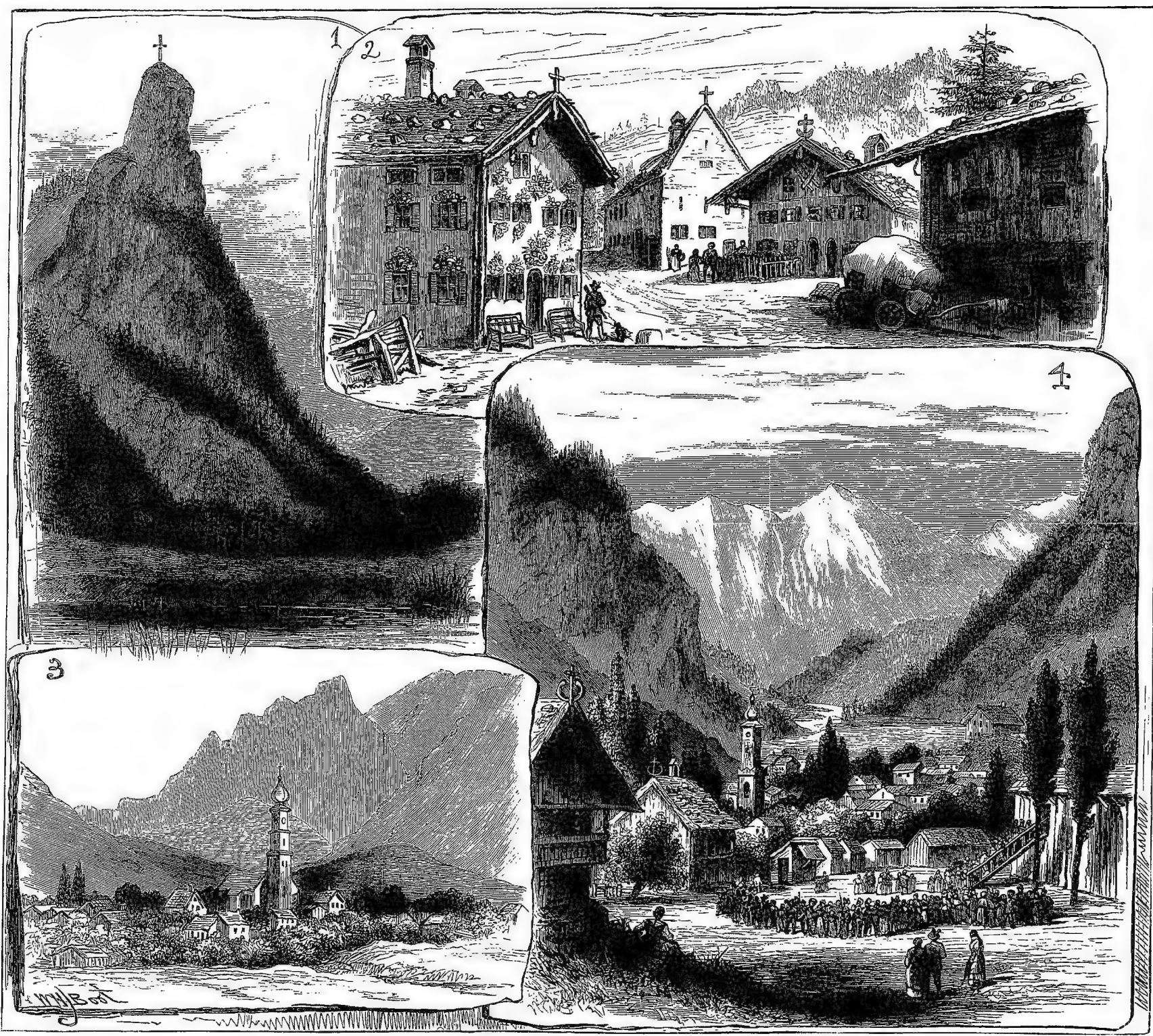
THE FITZALAN CHAPEL, ARUNDEL.—The Lords Justices of Appeal Bramwell, Baggallay, and Brett have given judgment in this case, confirming the decision of Lord Coleridge in favour of the Duke of Norfolk, and dismissing the appeal with costs, without even calling upon the Duke's counsel to answer the arguments of his opponent. It will be remembered that the dispute arose out of an action for trespass brought against the Vicar of Arundel for pulling down a wall erected by the Duke across the end of the chapel. His Grace alleged that the chapel had originally been granted to the College of Arundel by the founder, and had always been the exclusive property of the Dukes of Norfolk, whilst the defendant argued that the disputed building was, and had been from time immemorial, the great choir or chancel of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Arundel, which it adjoined.

DOG SHOW CRITICISMS.—In the Common Pleas Division Lord Coleridge and a special jury have this week been engaged in hearing two curious actions brought against the *Field* and the *Fancier's Chronicle* for alleged libel, the statements complained of being that the eyes and "haw" of the plaintiff's bloodhound "Napier," one of the exhibits at the Dog Show, Alexandra Palace, in July last, appeared to have been tampered with. The question at issue seemed to be whether the eyes of the dog had been "faked" to improve its chance of a prize, or whether what had been done was, as the plaintiff declared, merely a necessary surgical operation for the removal of a morbid growth on the "haw" which would have interfered with his sight. Lord Coleridge directed the jury that the statement would be a libel if they thought that what was said would discredit the plaintiff and depreciate the value of his stock; but he added that a writer on the public press was privileged so long as he dealt with matters of public interest, honestly, and without any improper or byc motive. The jury after some consideration found that the statements were not true in substance and in fact, but that they were made in good faith. Verdict and judgment were accordingly given for the defendants.

"SUITABLE" AND "NECESSARY" are not always convertible terms, as was last week explained by Mr. Justice Bowen when
(Continued on page 610)



CONSTANTINOPLE—THE OUTRAGE ON MR. BURNES



1. The Kofel Dolomite Peak from the Road to Ettal.—2. Decorated House, Oberammergau.—3. Oberammergau, from the Crucifixion Monument.—4. Entrance to the Theatre.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDÉS, A.R.A.

Only a lady at breakfast table, her head down, sobbing as if her heart would break.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WINIFRED'S RESOLVE

"MUN I speak to you a minnut, please, Miss?"

The voice outside the door was Reuben's. The curly head so cautiously thrust in, so quickly withdrawn, was also Reuben's. Of the instinctive delicacy which prompted him to start back, he was as unconscious as a savage. He only felt that he ought not to see what he saw on looking in, and that he must feign not to have seen it.

Yet it was no such extraordinary sight. Only a lady at a breakfast table—a lady dressed in deepest black; her breakfast untasted; her arms thrown forward on the table; her head down; sobbing—sobbing—sobbing as if her heart would break.

Six days had gone by—the last six mournful days of November. Days when the house was dark within, and the skies were dark without, and the rain fell unceasingly. Days of seclusion and melancholy preparation, ending with one more sad than all its fore-runners—a day when the last Langtreys of that ancient name was borne across the threshold of the old house in which her life had been spent, and which thenceforth would know her no more.

Mrs. Pennfeather had been much with Winifred all through this trying time, and having remained that last day till quite late, left her with anxious reluctance.

"But for baby and the children, nothing should induce me to go home," she said. "It wrings my heart to leave you alone."

"But I must learn to be alone."

"My poor Winifred!"

"Yes—it is a hard lesson; but the sooner I begin to master it, the better."

"Ah, but you cannot go on living in this huge old place all by yourself! You would die of melancholy."

"I don't think so," Winifred replied, with a wan smile. "I love every stone of it. I am happier here than I could be anywhere else."

Mrs. Pennfeather shook her head.

"Well, well," she said, "it is too soon as yet to make plans for the future."

So, with many entreaties that Winifred would not break down when she was gone, the curate's wife took her departure.

And now this was the morning after—the morning of the first day of the new life; the new, joyless, solitary life which Winifred Savage must bear as best she could in the empty house of her fathers.

She came down resolved to be brave; resolved not to begin the day by giving way to sorrow. But the sight of Miss Langtreys

empty chair put back against the wall, and the sound of old Bridget's footsteps as she went from room to room, pulling up the blinds which had been down for so many days—these sights and sounds were too much for her steadfastness, and she broke down utterly.

It was at this moment that Reuben came to the door with his "Mun I speak to you a minnut, please, Miss?"

She started; choked down the sobs; rose quickly; and went over to the window.

"Is that you, Reuben?" she asked, when she could trust her voice.

"Ees, Miss."

"Well, what is it? Come in."

She was now standing so that he could not see her face.

"Wull, Miss, it's about the kye. We'en had so much rain, ye see, an' it coom sich a pash last night, that there's a ruck o' wayter out, an' the flats they be welly flooded. The kye mun bide i th' yard tilly wayter goes doon."

"Of course they must, Reuben."

"An' please, Miss, we bin at th' last o' th' owd hee; an' I mun know if so be as we mun begin the new stack hinder the wood-shed? An' Joe Tunnicliff, he be coom to fettle the stra' yard gate; an' er ses if er's to ma' a good job on't, er mun ma' new poses; an' please, miss, the rollers o' the chaff-cutter be out o' gear; an' the little tumbrel warded ow'r yester mornin', and th' tire coomed off th' near wheeal; an' th' owd mare ha' cast a shoe, an' I want to know aff I mun tak un t' th' smithy?"

Poor Winifred! she knew no more about hay, and chaff-cutters, and cart-wheels, than Reuben knew about the lists of Manetho. Miss Langtreys had always attended to the farming. It was the department in which she reigned supreme; herself ordering, approving, superintending everything, from the choice of a drain-pipe to the sale of a heifer. And she was reputed as practical a farmer, as good a judge of dairy-stock, and as keen a hand at a bargain, as any agriculturist in all that country side.

As for Reuben and the two old labourers who did the farm-work, they had been accustomed to look to "th' missus" for everything, and had not an idea of their own. Now they would turn to Winifred for their daily guidance—and how was she to guide them? Must she confess ignorance, and bid them rely upon their own experience? Her common sense at once decided against that injudicious alternative. She must accept the responsibility, and for the present, at all events, do the best she could.

"Well, Reuben," she said, "I will come round presently to look at the chaff-cutter."

"Ees, Miss."

"And you may tell Joe Tunnicliff that I will speak to him myself

about the gate. In the meanwhile, you can take the mare over to Purkins's, and ask him to shoe her at once."

"Ees, Miss; an'—an'—"

"Well, what more?"

"Nothin', Miss; on'y—on'y, please, Miss, I be so sorry!"

The tears welled up again; but she kept them back.

"Yes, Reuben," she said gently, "I know you are sorry; but don't speak about it, please—at least not yet awhile—till I am better able to bear it. Do you understand?"

Reuben touched an imaginary cap, made his scrape, and vanished silently. But he understood so well that in less than five minutes he had warned Joe Tunnicliff and the labourers to "keep a still tongue, and say nowt about th' owd missus; vor 'twar more nor Miss Winifred could bear."

And presently Miss Winifred herself came out, marble pale, with a stern, set look about her mouth, and went the round of the farm-buildings, just as her aunt had been wont to go round daily; giving an eye to the poultry-yard and the stables, making sure that the cob was well cared for, inquiring after the welfare of the sitting hens and the litter of young pigs, and seeing that the cows had a plentiful meal of hay cut from the new stack which Reuben described as "hinder the wood-shed."

Then, when all this was done, and Joe Tunnicliff had received his orders about the gate and the chaff-cutter had been duly inspected, she unchained the St. Bernard, who had been straining frantically at his collar ever since hearing her voice about the yards, and started for a long, solitary walk.

It no longer actually rained; but it had been raining almost without intermission for the last ten days, and the country reeked with damp. The moat was well nigh brimming over; the lanes were strewn with wet and rotting leaves; and a white steam brooded sullenly above the flooded flats.

But Winifred was content with the weather. To her it seemed that Nature was in tune with her own mood, and that anything was better than bright skies and sunshine.

She walked fast, taking the driest paths she could find, and avoiding the most frequented. All she wanted was to be alone; to go somewhere, no matter where; to do something, no matter what; to shake off, though but for an hour, the dead weight of her solitude.

For, crabbed and imperious though she might be, Miss Langtreys, after all, was the only mother whom Winifred Savage had known. And the old lady had done her duty well and fairly by her orphan niece, loving her next after the brother whom she so idolised; educating her as well as she knew how; and setting her from first to last a brave example under poverty and privation. But now the

very mainstay of the girl's life was struck away. Of what comfort was it that the struggle with poverty was ended? She told herself that, without Miss Langtreys, she would as soon be poor as rich. Even her joy in the redemption of the mortgage was turned to bitterness. She would scarcely grieve now, she thought, though The Grange were sold to a stranger.

And then, what was she to do with her life? Mrs. Pennfeather had said only yesterday that she could not go on living alone in the old house; and though she declared at the moment that she must learn to accept her lot, she felt in her heart that the solitude was more than she knew how to bear. By and by, perhaps, she might be able to devote herself to the place and the people; repairing The Grange, improving the land, rebuilding the cottages and schools, and striving to be as helpful and practical as her aunt would have been under these bettered circumstances. But for this work she was not yet strong enough. Self-dependence is not learned in a day; and she instinctively felt that in order to acquire it, she needed some stimulus from without.

If she could but get away for awhile—away from the sympathising faces, and the familiar sights and sounds of home . . . that that would give her strength; that was what she needed. But then Winifred was as ignorant of the outer world as a cloistered nun. When quite a child, she had been once to Scarborough, and twice or thrice to Rhyl; but that was in the days when her Uncle Stephen was not yet ruined. Since his death, and for many a year before he died, she had not known what it was to spend a week from home.

Yet she was fast making up her mind to a bold step, though in what direction she knew not. One thing, at all events, seemed clear to her. She must make her plan at once, before others should begin planning for her. She must make it at once, announce it at once, and carry it into effect with all possible promptitude. Thus would she be spared the pain of rejecting well-intentioned counsel, and avoid the equally painful consciousness that she was a burthen and a source of anxiety to those around her. By "those around her" she meant not only Mr. and Mrs. Pennfeather, but Lancelot Brackenbury.

Where, then, could she go? She knew, of course, that there were numbers of good schools in France, Belgium, and Germany, where she might live as in a home, and have what is called "the benefit of masters." There was one at Stuttgart, for instance, where a niece of Mrs. Caldicott's had boarded once for nearly three years. Mrs. Caldicott herself was educated at a certain famous Institute at Zoltenstrasse-am-Main. Then there was Munich. . . . Had she not quite lately read the narrative of an English lady's life as an Art-student in that modern Weimar; and might it not be possible for her to do likewise? Rome, again—but Rome was too far away; and Paris was too gay, and London too vast. It must be Munich. Munich was neither too lively, nor too distant, nor too big. Munich was homely. Munich was studious. In Munich she could work; and above all else, she craved for occupation. Yes, her mind was made up; she would go to Munich.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LETTICE LEIGH

"POOR Prince!"

Winifred had walked on and on, thinking only of the future, forgetting the present, and taking no heed of the miles. But now, having come to a decision, she paused, looked around, and found herself about half-way to Singleton.

Prince knew that there was something wrong, and that his mistress was unhappy. He tore about like a wild dog at first starting; but finding presently that the gladness was all on his own side, he became sobered, and dropped quietly behind. Being spoken to now for the first time, he looked up with a sedate and puzzled face, and thrust his nose into Winifred's hand.

"Poor Prince! What will you do, Prince, when I am gone?"

She stooped; kissed his furrowed forehead; and turned slowly homewards. A Brackenbury gamekeeper leading a leash of beagles, and a labourer plodding under a load of empty sacks, were as yet the only wayfarers she had met. She could hardly have chosen a quieter walk. Coming presently, however, to a point where two lanes diverged, she found herself face to face with a woman and a child—the woman black-browed, ragged, sullen-looking, with a bundle of sticks upon her head; the child warmly-clad, ruddy, and sturdy.

At sight of the lady in black, the woman drew back, catching her boy quickly by the hand; and so stood with downcast eyes, waiting for her to go by. But Winifred stopped, with a look of surprised recognition.

"Why, Lettice," she said, "is that you?"

No reply. "We thought you were lost or dead. Where have you been all these years, my poor girl? You look as if the world had gone hardly with you."

The woman's lip quivered; but she still looked down silently.

"Are you back at the old place on the Moor?"

She shook her head.

"Nay, Miss Win'fred," she said, huskily. "Once parted's aye parted, wi' moorfolk and me."

"Where, then, are you living?"

She pointed by the way she had come.

"You know whar Abel Brunt hanged hisself years ago?—"

Blackpool, they call 'un; down agin' the Ridge. Nobody 'ull live there; so I s'pose I mun bide in't, an' no rent to pay."

"That ruin? Why there is no roof on it!"

"There's roofin' at one end, Miss."

"Have you been there long?"

"Nigh on five weeks."

"A dreary home, Lettice! How will you support yourself?"

"I've ben harvestin' Stoke way, Miss; an' since harvestin' 's ow'r, I've gone back to th' gimp work. But earnings isn't what they used to be; and the gimp's a hard livin' now, wi' two mouths to feed."

"And this little fellow—is he yours?"

She nodded.

Winifred bent over the child, and caressed his little brown cheek.

"Have you ever been to school, my man?" she asked. "Can you read?"

He looked up at her with big, wondering eyes—eyes as blue as his mother's were black. Never were parent and child more dissimilar—she all gipsy; he all Saxon.

"A dunno' what readin' means, Miss Win'fred," said the mother, half sadly, half sullenly. "We've lived pretty much on th' tramp; an' 's never had no learnin'."

"How old is he?"

"Fower last September."

"He looks five, and I'm sure he is a bright boy. You must give up wandering, Lettice, and I engage he shall soon know what reading means! Tell me, my little friend—would you not like to go to Langtreys school?"

"Nay, Langtreys school-house baint for the loikes o' he," said the mother, wistfully.

"It is for all who live in the parish. Continue to live in the parish, Lettice, and I will pay for his schooling."

Again she shook her head.

"Nay, nay," she said; "we mun' keep ourselves to ourselves—thankin' you all the same, Miss. But I wouldna' like to have un slighted."

The woman was moor-bred, and had been reckoned a beauty among the "dark-folk" some five or six years ago. Then she disappeared under some vague cloud of ill-report, and had been neither seen nor heard of since. She at all events had in her veins

the wilful, lawless moor-blood—the blood that would be neither driven nor coaxed; and Winifred knew that for the present it would be well to press her no further.

"Well, in any case, you are not going away just yet," she said, gently; "and if you will come over on Monday, we will see what can be done to make Blackpool more comfortable. There's plenty of old furniture at The Grange; and I daresay Bridget can look out something in the way of warm clothing that would cut up for the child, for winter wear. You shall be welcome to whatever is useful to you."

Muttering an ungracious "Thank 'ee," Lettice drew her boy closer to her side.

"I'm a most feared to ax a'ter th' owd lady," she said, looking at Winifred's black dress. "Eh, then, is she gone? And my lord, Winifred—they tell me a's ne'er bin heard on more! Well, Miss Win'fred things ha' gone collywest wi' you, same as other folk! You've yer troubles, I reckon."

"We all have our troubles, Lettice," replied Winifred.

And with this, each went her own way.

Another mile of lane, and The Grange, with its patterned front and picturesque gateway, gleamed out between the leafless walnut-boughs. As Winifred came in sight, a gentleman sitting on the parapet of the little bridge over the moat rose and went to meet her. He had been a frequent guest of late, coming every day, and sometimes twice a day; and yesterday he had followed as Miss Langtreys's chief mourner. Winifred was not taken by surprise to find him waiting there. She had more than half expected him.

"I thought you would, perhaps, come this morning," she said.

"I much wanted to see you. I am going abroad."

"Going abroad?"

"Yes—to Munich; and I want to know how far it is, and how long it takes to get there?"

Lancelot stared at her. The abruptness of the announcement astounded him.

"Why, Winifred," he said, "you take my breath away! Whom do you know in Munich?"

"No one. I mean to board in a school. I want to learn German, and to take music-lessons. Perhaps I may enter an artist's studio. I fancy I have some little talent for modelling—at all events, I should like to try."

Lancelot Brackenbury looked grave. There was a nervous eagerness about her manner that puzzled and troubled him.

"It is a wild project," he said. "Have you named it to Mrs. Pennfeather?"

"I have named it to no one—nor shall I name it till all is settled. In the meanwhile, I rely upon you to help me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, first to advise me about The Grange. Can you think of any one who would attend to the place when I am gone?"

"Yes—that would not be difficult."

"And can you find out about the schools in Munich?"

"I dare say I could do that also; but, candidly, I do not like the idea."

"Why not?"

"For several reasons—one being that Munich is a little St. Petersburg in winter, and that to-morrow will be the first of December. The city stands on a plateau some seventeen or eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea."

"Yes; I have read about it. The country is sometimes covered with snow for months, and people go about in sleighs with bells. I should like it very much."

"I don't think you would like the life in a Bavarian school; or the society of German schoolgirls, all sausage and sentiment."

"Nay, I am not hard to please. If they are kind to me, I shall like them well enough."

"Then you would feel lonely among strangers in a strange land—you who know nothing of foreign life. Think how you would miss the familiar faces—the old people—the . . ."

She interrupted him impatiently.

"But I want to miss them—don't you understand? The familiar faces and places are all pain to me now. I want to get away from them. If I can but go somewhere far away, and learn new things, and try to forget old ones—that is what will be best for me! I am more lonely here than I could be anywhere else."

"But, Winifred . . ."

"Ah, no, you don't understand! You don't know how dearly I loved her—perhaps I hardly knew it myself! And now everything reminds me of her. . . . I must go away."

They had been standing on the bridge; but as Winifred said these last words, she turned towards the house.

"And for how long?" asked Lancelot, following her.

"For a year. I shall be glad enough to come back to the old place and the old life by the time Christmas comes round again; but that one year I must have."

They passed under the gateway and crossed the courtyard, where Winifred's white pigeons were industriously strutting to and fro, searching between the stones for any stray grains that might yet remain from their midday feed.

"Shall we sit here?" she said, when they came to the porch.

"It is so dreary in the house."

There was a deep recess on each side of the door, and in each recess a seat supported on grotesque brackets; and these seats and brackets, and the ceiling carved with the Langtreys arms and motto, and the worn, uneven floor, and the massive mediæval door studded with huge nails, and the clustered and twisted columns outside, were all in old black oak. Here they sat—Lancelot trifling gloomily with his riding whip; Winifred shrinking back into the gloom of the corner opposite.

For some minutes, both were silent. He had been telling himself all along that she must have change of scene. He had thought it all out, in fact, and arranged her winter for her in his own mind and in his own way. It was annoying to find her with plans made and matured.

"You could not stay here alone all through the winter," he said, presently. "I know that, of course. I came to-day, indeed, with the idea of talking it over with you."

She looked up, but said nothing.

"You know that I have relations in Italy—a widowed aunt (my mother's eldest sister) and a score of Italian cousins, more or less. I have not seen them since I was a boy; but Cuthbert used to visit them now and then. They are decent people enough, and live in a pleasant part of the country, not far from Pistoja. My aunt always spends her winters in Rome. She knows you quite well by name. How would it be if you went to her for a few months? She would not be like a stranger; and Rome would be pleasanter than Munich."

"I would rather be with strangers—I prefer Munich," replied Winifred, quickly.

For she felt that to be among those who would consider themselves privileged not only to condole with her in the present, but to sympathise with her as regarded the past, would be of all torments the most intolerable.

"Then Munich, I suppose, it is to be," he said, seeing that her mind was resolved.

"Yes."

"And as soon as possible?"

"As soon as possible. Can I go next week?"

"I fear not. I think you must make up your mind to wait for ten days or so. However, I will do my best. As for The Grange,

(i) Collywest: Contrariwise; unfortunate.

you may be quite easy on that head. I will be your head steward, and Mellor shall come over two or three times a week."

Now Mellor was bailiff for the Brackenbury property; and she knew that all would go well in his hands.

"Thank you, Lancelot," she said simply; "you are very good to me."

"And to whom should I be good, if not to you?"

He waited, as if for an answer; but no answer came.

Then there was another silence, interrupted presently by the opening of the house-door and the appearance of Mrs. Bridget, who came to say that luncheon was waiting. It was, in vulgar truth, death, to keep farm-house hours and live on farm-house fare. But Mrs. Bridget had a keen sense of the family dignity; and, finding Lancelot in the porch, she judiciously translated "dinner" as "luncheon."

Winifred rose, expecting him to follow; but he put out his hand instead.

"Good-bye," he said. "I will try to arrange about Munich for you; but I don't think you will see me back again under a week."

Then, turning to the old woman, "I need not not ask you to take care of your young lady, Mrs. Bridget. You have done that always."

"Indeed, sir—my lord, I mean—I have tried to do my best," replied Mrs. Bridget.

"And now, more than ever, she needs all that you can do for her."

"That's true, my lord."

And, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes, the old lady retired with a series of curseys.

Lancelot still held Winifred's hand. It lay in his, as cold and almost as pale as snow.

"I can do nothing more for you?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed!—and I had almost forgotten it. Do you remember Lettice Leigh?"

"Lettice Leigh?"

"That handsome, fierce-looking girl, who used to live with the Corbishlys on Burfield Moor, after her father died. She went away some years ago, nobody knew where. Is it possible that you have forgotten her?"

Lancelot's face darkened.

"I have not forgotten her," he said. "What of her?"

"She has come back. I met her just now in the lanes—with her little boy."

"Ah!—she has a child?"

"A beautiful little blue-eyed boy, not a bit like herself. She looks very ragged and wretched, and has been leading a tramp's life, she tells me. And where do you think she has gone for shelter?"

"Not to the moor, I'll answer for it. When a moor-girl breaks with her own people, you know, they cast her out for ever."

"Lancelot, the poor soul has taken refuge in that horrible hovel at the foot of the Ridge; and I want you to roof it in, and patch it up for her, and let her live in it for life, if she pleases."

"What, Blackpool? Why, I was thinking of pulling it down the other day, and only spared it at Cochrane's entreaty, because he wants to sketch it the next time he comes down. By the way, I heard from him this morning; he wished me to say everything sympathetic on his part."

"I am much obliged to Mr. Cochrane," said Winifred, absently.

"He is an excellent fellow—and so clever! I don't think you half appreciate him, Winifred."

"I beg your pardon; but I was thinking of Lettice Leigh. May I tell her that she can stay at Blackpool as long as she likes, and that you will make it weathertight for her and her poor little child?"

"What! spoil Cochrane's sketch and eject old Abel Brunt's ghost—the only ghost I have upon the property?"

"Is Blackpool supposed to be haunted, then?"

"Undoubtedly. And nothing offends a ghost, you know, like putting his residence in repair. Well, to please you, Winifred, it shall be done."

"Thank you, Lancelot."

"And now, once again—good-bye."

"For a week?"

"For a whole week. God bless you."

Her lips moved; but no words came. He lingered a moment—turned quickly away—crossed the courtyard, and was gone.

Still she stayed in the dusk of the porch listening. She knew that he had gone round to the stables. Perhaps she hoped that he would come back for another farewell. If so, she waited in vain; for presently she heard the sound of his horse's hoofs in the stable-yard; then fainter as he rode round by the back of the orchard and across the bridge; and then—no more.

(To be continued)



I.

As a periodical written for a class of readers who look for something solid in its pages, the *Fortnightly* fully maintains its reputation for sound literature; the well-known name of its able editor is a guarantee that in its pages the battle of Liberalism shall be well and truly fought, and the admission of an article by such a rampant advocate of "Jingo" doctrines as Mr. Alfred Austin serves only to throw into greater relief the principles of this magazine. There were rumours that the name of Morley was about to be removed from the title-page of the *Fortnightly*, and that an evening paper had secured that gentleman's services as editor; we are glad to see that this rumour has not had any effect in varying either the quantity or quality of essays in the periodical. The most noticeable amongst the table of contents are a very characteristic article on Victor Hugo's new poem, by Mr. Algernon Swinburne; an admirable "Plea for the Abolition of Outdoor Relief," by the Rev. T. W. Fowle; an amusing, but very one-sided, view of the late Liberal victory, by Mr. Alfred Austin, a gentleman who indulges in the wildest prophecies and the most powerful denunciations of the leaders now in power. As a disappointed Conservative candidate Mr. Austin has, perhaps, some justification for his slashing diatribes; we cannot help feeling that a more temperate and impartial essay would have served his purpose better. The Editor's Review on Home and Foreign Affairs is, as usual, comprehensive, straightforward, and by no means time-serving. Whilst supporting the Government in the Bradlaugh case, the Editor denounces Mr. Gladstone's action with reference to Sir Bartle Frere, and demands the recall of that able but too independent statesman.

Scribner still retains its right place amongst our serial literature. Its illustrations are unapproached by any other periodical, and are gems of art. Its letterpress, too, is deserving of the warmest praise. The introductory article, "Spring Hereabouts," is charmingly written, and the little woodcut, "On the Harlem," which graces page 165, the very poetry of a picture.—The sonnet on "Success" is a clear case of a charming idea charmingly put.—Mr. Schuyler's "Peter the Great" is continued, and contains much that is new and more that is interesting. The copy of the old engraving of Mahomet IV., Sultan of Turkey, is almost a *fac simile* of the numerous sketches of Afghan chiefs which have appeared in our

pages during the past eighteen months. This book when complete will be a valuable addition to Russian literature.—The article on William Blake, painter and poet, is crowded with illustrations representing Blake's most famous works, and these are in themselves worthy of the reputation of that sculptor-painter, and reflect the highest credit upon the artists and publishers of this excellent magazine. To attempt to do justice to its contents would demand more space than we have at our disposal, but in common fairness to our readers we would call attention to the want which *Scribner* supplies. The engravings on pages 242 and 243 are, we think, superior to anything we have seen in any other magazine. They are in themselves fully worth the shilling which the enterprising proprietors charge for the entire number.—The article on "Thackeray as a Draughtsman" puts that notable author before us in a new light, and shows how our great novelists are appreciated by our Transatlantic cousins.

The *Theatre* contains much that is of interest to playgoers. The notice of Madame Modjeska's acting in *Heartsease* at the Court Theatre is by no means too laudatory. It is many years since a more accomplished actress graced the English boards, and this we say in full remembrance of the fact that Sarah Bernhardt is now among us.

Fraser's Magazine gives us this month the concluding chapters of "The Crookit Meg," and a continuation of "Mary Anerley," which we review as a complete novel in another column.—"Mr. Gladstone's Ancestors" will be eagerly read by thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen. Even those who do not appreciate the many sterling qualities of the veteran statesman will turn with curiosity to the chapter of old Scottish history which treats of the Gledstones of Gledstane and Coklaw.—"Blues and Buffs," or a sketch of a contested election, is a seasonable and amusing production.—The Editor's Review of the "Life of the Prince Consort" is loyal to the backbone, but many will take exception to the high praise bestowed on a work which is too courtier-like in its style to be impartial.

Cornhill contains instalments of two novels, "Washington Square" and "White Wings." They are both fully equal to the usual stamp of this magazine.—Mr. James Payn's contribution, "The Guinea Box," is a very amusing novelette in two chapters, dealing with the supernatural in the author's accustomed style.

All the *Year Round* is fully up to its usual form, and *Time* continues to present its readers with good value for their money. Here again we have a capital critique on Madame Modjeska, in which our opinion of this great actress's merits are fully endorsed.—The cartoon of "Editors Abroad" contains some fairly passable caricatures, though many are scarcely recognisable. Among the best are Mr. Chenery, whose horse is spinning round to all the points of the compass; Dr. Russell, mounted on "Crimea," and leading a spare horse, "D. T. Zulu"; Mr. Greenwood, who has just fallen out of the *Fall Mall Gazette*; Edmund Yates, driving on the *World*; and Mr. Bowles at the camera. By far the worst portrait is that of Mr. Labouchere.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION.—Lord Spencer and Mr. Goschen having resigned their seats, their places have been given to Lord Carlingford and Mr. Stansfeld. We have heard no censure of the former nor praise of the latter appointment. Preparatory to the Commission's Irish visit circulars have been issued inviting the tender of evidence from all persons interested in the state of Irish agriculture. The Commission will inquire into valuations, leases, and the various forms of tenancy, as well as investigate more directly agricultural matters.

LOCAL TAXATION.—The present system of local taxation is being considered by the Government with the view to the introduction of a bill into Parliament in 1881.

HARES AND RABBITS.—We hope the Government Bill will not result in the extermination of these animals. Where farmers have a right to course hares during the proper months, and to destroy rabbits any way all the year round, except by shooting, complaint is seldom or never heard. But of course the chief objection to the Bill is its socialistic interference with freedom of contract. Mr. Biddell's declaration that the measure was a violation of principle, but that he would vote for it to get rid of a burning question, seems to express but too clearly the temper of the present House of Commons.

FIXED TITHES.—The Wisbech Chamber of Agriculture have resolved that farmers' interests would be best consulted by fixing the tithe-rent charge at 100% per annum.

SIR THOMAS ACLAND deserves the thanks of agriculturists for introducing the Agricultural Tenants Compensation Bill, which is set down for second reading on 7th July next.

TOP-DRESSING.—When farmers wanted to top-dress their fields this spring, nitrate of soda was held by merchants for 20s. a ton; now that it is too late to be used for wheat, barley, or oats, it has fallen in price to 15s. a ton. At this rate farmers may profitably apply it to some root crops.

ROOKS.—The English rook has crossed the northern seas and landed in the distant Orkneys. A regular colony may now be heard cawing round the ancient cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkwall. In the wind-swept and all but treeless Orkades, the rooks take shelter in the town instead of the outlying districts.

THE DEVON AND CORNWALL CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE.—This influential body has reported to the Royal Commission that agricultural interests require the securing to limited owners of greater facilities for effecting improvements. Other recommendations are that the transfer of land should be rendered less costly, that unexhausted improvements should be paid for, that distraint should be limited to one year, and that charges for national purposes should be borne by Imperial instead of Local taxation.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—Correspondents within the past week have written us as follows:—From Mid-Lincolnshire: "Taking all things together, a better harvest of cereals is promised this year than there has been since 1874." From Bedfordshire: "There has been a sufficiency of rain, and the season up to the end of May was very favourable. An abundant harvest is hoped for." From Staffordshire: "Turnips are doing well since the rain, and so is grass."

FARM PROSPECTS IN NORFOLK are generally good, nevertheless there have been no inconsiderable difficulties to be met. The foulness of the land is very great, couch and other weeds abounding. To plant Swedes and mangolds the ground has needed a vigorous clearing. Norfolk farmers now want hotter weather.

FARM PROSPECTS IN S.W. ENGLAND.—Wheat is fairly advanced for the season. It has begun to come into ear.

DISEASE AMONG DEER.—In several of the Royal parks there have been serious losses through disease among the deer. Mr. Frank Buckland and Professor Simmonds are investigating the matter.

THE SALE OF BUTTERINE.—The thanks of both consumers and producers of butter are due to Canon Bagot for his recent denunciation of illicit sales of butterine as butter. The increase in the sale of this made-up article during the present year is enormous.

It is freely stated that in Dublin many shopkeepers buy for retailing no butter whatever of farmers and proper dealers, but buy butterine in large quantities, vending the same as butter at fourteen and even sixteen pence per pound. The loss of custom entailed upon farmers is very serious. What the effect may be on the consumer of butterine we would rather not inquire.

ANIMAL APPETITES.—A cow belonging to a farmer at Hope, near Derby, has recently died. In its stomach were found four stones of considerable size, together with a large lump of lead, an iron clog-tip, seven inches long, several large nails, and a great number of tin tacks. This beats the lately defunct ostrich of the Roman "Zoo," in the stomach of which was discovered the cross of an Italian Order, a Papal Medal, and a five-franc piece.

YORKSHIRE FARMERS in council have decided "that the rates charged by the railway companies on foreign agricultural produce, as compared with the charges on home-grown produce, act prejudicially to the farmers of this country, and also tend to injure inland market towns." We may add that if the rates be injurious to inland towns they must be still more damaging to the interests of farmers who send grain to port markets. The Marquis of Huntly raised this question in the old Parliament, and would do a public service by pressing it on the new administration of which he is a supporter.

EXTRAORDINARY TITHES.—A numerous deputation of farmers recently waited on Mr. Chamberlain to urge upon the Government the necessity of repealing the extraordinary tithe upon fruit and hops. Mr. Chamberlain pointed out the extreme difficulty surrounding the question, and the wideness of the issues involved. The deputation were then bowed out, having gained exceedingly little for their pains.

YORKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.—This exhibition is to be held at Barnsley, and 1,965s. will be given away in prizes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We note with regret the occurrence of a rather extensive fire at Manor House Farm, Newington, Kent. Report says that Mr. Reed's stacks were too near the house, and a chimney spark caused the mischief.—A new line of steamers has commenced running between Denmark and England. They will be devoted to cattle carrying. The first steamer, the *Riberhaus*, brought over 300 cattle, 290 sheep, and a great quantity of farm produce.—Between Brading and Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, some curious remains of a Roman settlement have recently been discovered. The supposed date is of the second century of our era.—Last year's old hay (of by no means first-rate quality) is selling at 50s. per ton.—Potatoes generally show a healthy and strong haulm, and the Champions especially promise well.—Turnips look like a good crop in the Eastern Counties.—The entries for the Shropshire Agricultural Society's Show close on Friday next. The Show will be held at Bridgenorth.—The entries for the Royal Counties' Show have closed. There are 500 entries of animals and 250 of machinery. The Queen is among the competitors.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DR. FARQUHARSON, M.P. for West Aberdeenshire (Liberal), was born in 1837, and educated at Edinburgh Academy and University. He is an M.D. of Edinburgh, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians (London), and was formerly Assistant-Surgeon in the Coldstream Guards. He is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Aberdeenshire.

THE HON. BEILBY LAWLEY, M.P. for Chester (Liberal), is the eldest son of Lord Wenlock, who sat as M.P. for Pontefract in 1851-2. He was born in 1849, educated at Eton and Cambridge, is a Captain in the Yorkshire Hussar Yeomanry, and a Magistrate for the East and North Ridings of that county. He married in 1872 Lady Constance Mary Lascelles, daughter of the Earl of Harewood.

FREDERICK THORPE MAPPIN, Esq., M.P. for East Retford (Liberal), a son of the late Mr. Mappin, of Sheffield, is chief of the well-known firm of cutlery manufacturers in that town. He was born in 1821, married in 1845, was Master Cutler in 1855-6, and Mayor in 1877-8. He is an Alderman, a Town Trustee, a Magistrate for the borough and for the West Riding, chairman of the Sheffield Gas Company, and a Director of the Midland Railway Company, and was made an officer of the Legion of Honour for his services as juror at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

EDMOND ROBERT WODEHOUSE, Esq., M.P. for Bath (Liberal), is the only son of Sir P. E. Wodehouse, K.C.B., formerly Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and subsequently of Bombay. He was born in 1835, educated at Eton and Oxford, called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1861, and practised on the Northern Circuit as a special pleader. From 1868 to 1870 he was Private Secretary to his cousin, the Earl of Kimberley in the Privy Seal Office, and in the Colonial Office from 1870 to 1874.

WILLIAM WOODALL, Esq., M.P. for Stoke-upon-Trent ("Liberal Nonconformist"), was born in 1832, educated at the Crescent Schools, Liverpool, and belongs to a firm of pottery manufacturers at Burslem, Staffordshire. He is Chairman of the Wedgwood Institute Committee and of the Burslem School Board, and is the author of "Paris after Two Sieges."

Our portraits are from photographs: Mr. Wodehouse and Dr. Farquharson by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside; Messrs. Woodall and Mappin by the Van der Weyde Light, 182, Regent Street, and the Hon. B. Lawley, by Silvester Parry, St. Werburgh's Mount, Chester.

THE MERMAN'S MORNING CALL.—It is no longer necessary for those who have faith in the curative qualities of the salt of the ocean to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Neptune in order to obtain it. The mighty despot of the waves—monitor of Monitors, whose wrath makes ironclads tremble, and who shows no more respect for Lord High Admirals or for British fleets than for a squad of fishing-boats—has been subdued by the iron horse of *terra firma*, and brought captive to our city. Nay, the subjugation of the roaring main is even more complete. It has been rendered meek as milk, and in a domestic sense is treated in an exactly similar manner. The lacteal yield of sleek Brindle browsing in far-distant country meadows is conveyed to London by railway, and in like manner do the seawater men at Lowestoft take tithe of the crisp high tide, and forward it bestowed in convenient barrels. The London milkman, with his cart and cans, makes his house-to-house visitation, so do the vans of the Great Eastern Railway Company for the delivery of three-gallon cans of the briny, unadulterated and as fresh as under the circumstances is possible. In regard to price, the merman has an advantage over the milkman, since he can afford to supply liquid value at the rate of twopence a gallon, brought to the door, and, if necessary, carried upstairs by the company's carman. It is too soon as yet to speak with any authority as to the success of the experiment alluded to, and which will, of course, depend on the amount of favour and encouragement vouchsafed it by the public. This "service" was commenced on the 1st of June, and it is said that at present the demand is such as to warrant an extension of the original project. It is a bold as well as a novel undertaking, and the consumption had need be large to make it remunerative, since each three-gallon can—shaped something like a square tin biscuit box with a handle at top, and a corked outlet in one corner—weighs about a quarter of a hundredweight, and the sixpence a "tin" received at the house where it is delivered has to cover every expense, and provide a profit. Very much will necessarily depend on the punctual delivery of orders,

as well as on the freshness of the sea-water when it reaches the customer. As those who have tried the experiment are aware, a bottle of water brought to London from no greater distance than Brighton or Hastings soon gives notice to our organs of smell that the preservative powers of its own salt are failing it. This disposition to rapid decomposition, however, will be the consumer's best security. It is to be hoped than the venture will succeed. There is something delightful in the prospect of being able to jump out of bed on a summer's morning to find a miniature "sea dip" no farther off than one's bath-room.

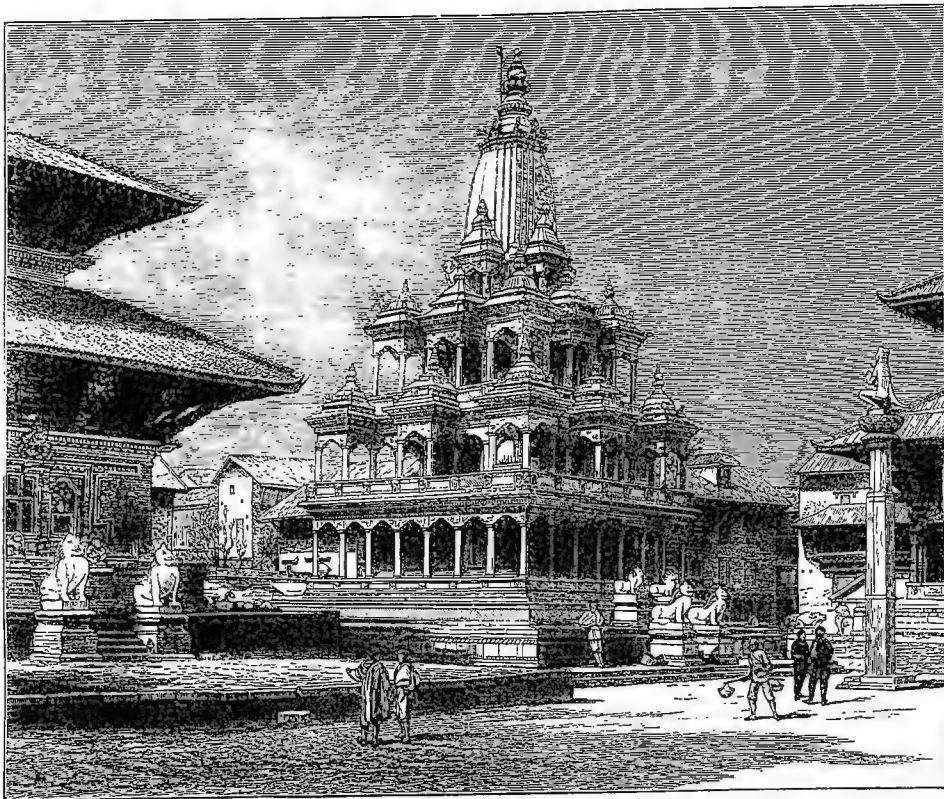
GAMBLING AT BILLIARD TABLES.—Our legislative enactments against gambling are perhaps on the whole not a bit too severe, though amongst vulgar people there are those who to this day are unable to understand what crime, or incentive to crime, there was in their indulging in a friendly evening game at tavern-parlour whist, the stakes being a penny a corner. At the time the law was altered, it was probably found that the propensity for gambling amongst young men, and those least able to protect themselves against the plots and plans of cheats and sharpers, was increasing alarmingly, and it was necessary, on that account, to impose on the practice restrictions more stringent than before. It would appear, however, that those whose business it is to check and put down petty gambling wherever they find it, have all along overlooked, or unaccountably remained in ignorance of, the fact that in every district of the metropolis there are low-class billiard-rooms, at the tables of which, evening after evening, and all the year through, petty gambling is freely current, and regulated only by the means of those who manipulate the ivory balls. There are billiard-rooms innumerable attached to backstreet public-houses and rearward of innocent-looking tobacco shops, to the existence of which hundreds of young men owe their downfall from respectability and their present condition of degradation and ruin. The most puzzling part of it, as regards the non-intervention of the police, is that no pains are taken to make a mystery and a secret of this kind of gambling. There is scarcely a police-station in London but within a few minutes' walk of it may be discovered a billiard-room where pool and pyramids and "shell out" are played, and where the chink of money is as commonly heard as the click of the balls, and the cool effrontery of the proceeding is the more remarkable because in every case there will be found posted about the room two or three printed notices that "Gambling is not allowed." It is notorious that there are scores of rascals in London known as "billiard sharps," and who depend solely for the money they make on their skill in wheedling the unsuspecting to play with them. Should they attempt the rash adventure they are, of course, losers. It is the enemy's trade, and one which is followed industriously and lucratively. Those who are entrapped—green young men and mere lads—have no more chance against them than has the country yokel against those whose professional tools are three thimbles and a pea, or "ace, queen, and nine of diamonds."

PERILS OF THE COAL-PIT.—A reflection scarcely calculated to heighten one's enjoyment of the cosy comfort afforded by a cheerful fireside is that the getting of coal involves an amount of personal peril far beyond that of any other industry. We have it on the high authority of Mr. Baxter, Chairman of the South Yorkshire Association of Coalowners, that out of half a million of men employed in the pits one hundred thousand are annually injured slight or seriously. The occasion of the gentleman in question making the startling statement was that of his introducing to the Prime Minister a deputation of influential employers to protest against certain features of the Liability of Employers Bill, and which has since passed a second reading in the House of Commons. The most objectionable clause of the said Bill, from a master's view, is that "where personal injury is caused to a workman by reason of defective works, machinery, plant, or stock connected with the business of the employer, or by reason of the negligence of any person in the service of the employer, . . . the wife, children, or legal representative of the said injured workman shall have the same right of compensation and remedies against the employer as if he had not been a workman, or not in the service of the employer nor engaged in his work." Without attempting to discuss the merits of this or any other clause in the said Bill, it may be said that the suggestion Mr. Baxter had to offer on behalf of the South Yorkshire Coalowners (an interest representing 68,000,000l. of money) was a scheme the basis of which was mutual insurance. Mr. Baxter's proposition was that the men working a pit should pay so much each per week to a fund, and, whatever the total amount might be, the master should by law be compelled to contribute an equal sum, the said fund to be available to provide compensation to the families of men injured or killed in the pursuit of their employment. Such an arrangement might have been satisfactory for lack of a better, but there are involved in the question considerations more important than those that are merely monetary. One cannot help thinking that if the penalty imposed on those who wilfully and wantonly jeopardise their own lives and those of their fellow workmen were made more severe, the terrible annual array of killed and injured amongst pitmen might be reduced. Foolhardiness is a mild term to apply to acts miners will at times be guilty of. As witness an instance of four men being lowered in a cage to do some necessary repairs to the "bratticing" of a shaft after an explosion. The shaft was known to contain deadly damp at the lower part, and a candle was lowered with a string to discover how high it had mounted. This being settled, the men descended, and to save themselves a little trouble, set to work actually up to their arm-pits in the fatal vapour, and with only their heads and shoulders out of it. And no one but themselves would have known anything about it but for a mishap. One man had his cap knocked off, and reaching suddenly over the cage side to save it, inhaled the poisoned air, and dropped over like a stone, and after him went his father in a vain endeavour to grasp the son by the leg.

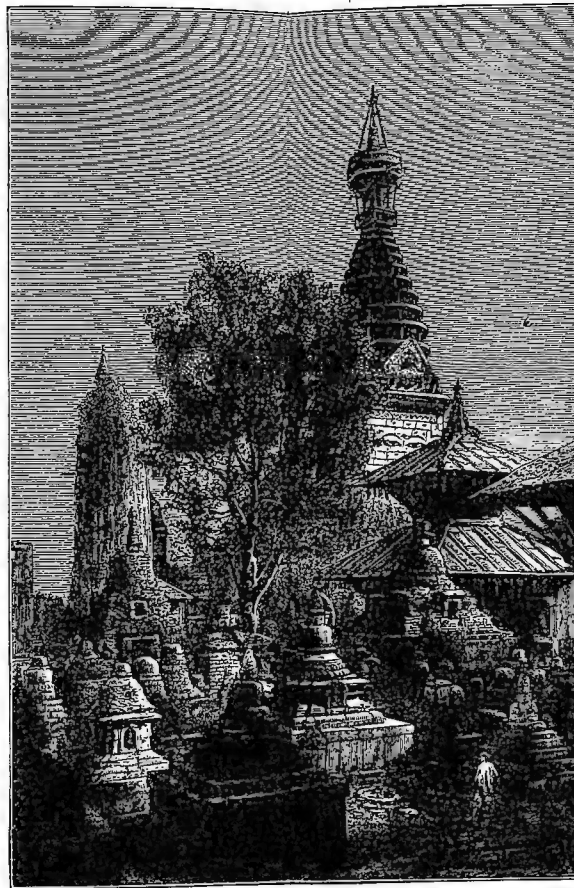
THE REMAINS OF THE PORTUGUESE POET, DE CAMOENS, and the explorer, Vasco de Gama, are to be removed next October to a mausoleum at Lisbon, specially erected for their reception. The removal will be a most solemn ceremony, the fleet taking a prominent part.



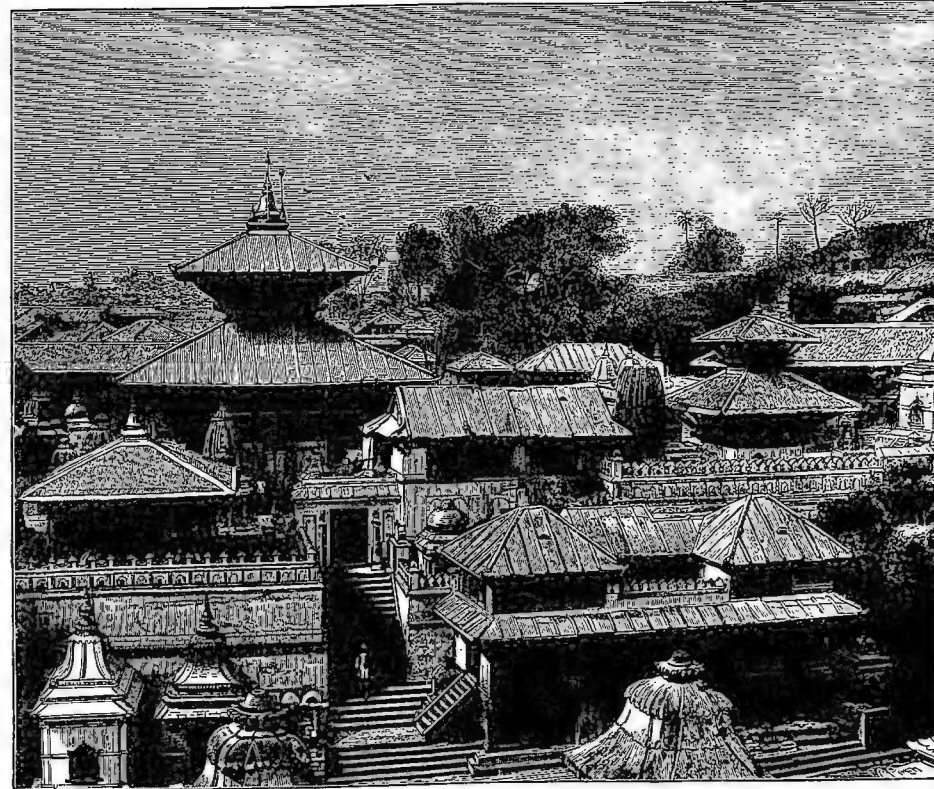
A Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism (2 vols.): J. E. H. Gordon, B.A., Camb.; Sunrise, Part III.: William Black, S. Low and Co. Edgar Allan Poe, His Life and Opinions (2 vols.): J. H. Ingram. John Hogg. Philosophy of Charles Dickens: Hon. Albert S. G. Canning; New and Old. A Volume of Verse: John Addington Symonds. Smith, Elder, and Co. Food and Feeding: Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.G.S. F. Warne and Co. Guide to Shetland (3rd Edition): Robert Cowie, M.A., M.D. Lewis Smith and Son, Aberdeen. Outlines of Physiology, Part I.: W. Lawson, F.R.G.S. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. Mathematical Examination Papers Set at Entrance to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, with Answers: W. F. Austin. E. Stanford. A Cruel Secret (2 vols.): "Lolo." Tinsley Bros. With a Silken Thread (3 vols.): E. Lynn Linton. Chatto and Windus. The New Parliament, 1880: W. Saunders. Cassell. Dickens's Dictionary of Continental Railways, &c. for June. Charles Dickens. Climpes of the Globe—First Geographical Reading Book: J. R. Blakiston. Griffith and Farran. "What Do We Owe Him?" (11th Thousand): Rev. C. Bullock. Home Words Publishing Office.



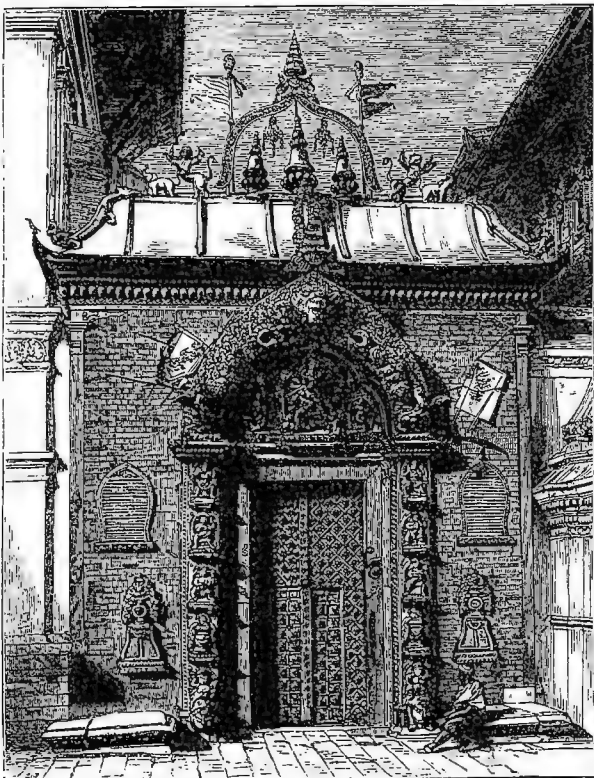
TEMPLE OF RÁDHA KRISHNA IN FRONT OF DURBAR



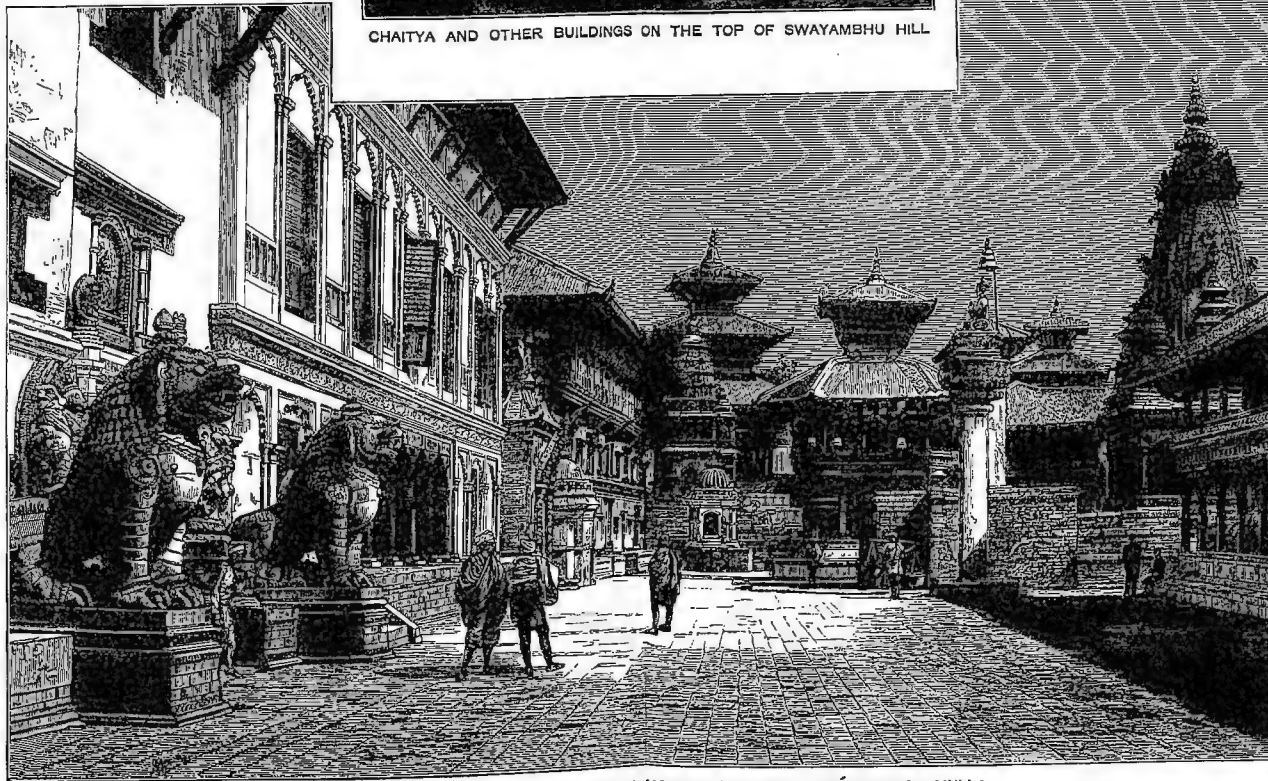
CHAITYA AND OTHER BUILDINGS ON THE TOP OF SWAYAMBHU HILL



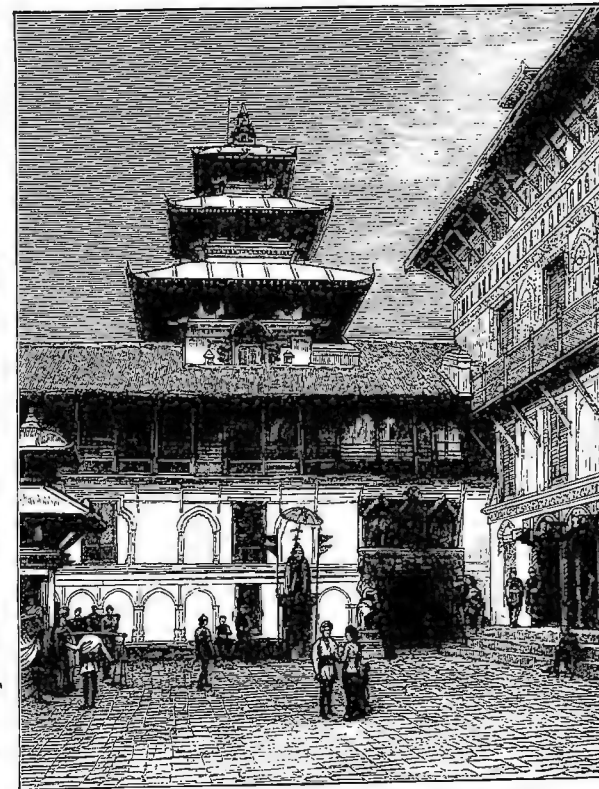
TEMPLE CONTAINING THE SHRINE OF PASHUPATINATHA



BRAZEN GATEWAY OF THE DURBAR



THE DURBAR AND TEMPLES, WITH THE MONOLITH OF RAJA BHÚPATINDRA MULLA



THE DURBAR, RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF NEPAUL

THE MODERN CURATE, II.

MARRIED

"THOUGH bachelors be the strongest stakes," says Thomas Fuller, "married men are the best binders, in the hedge of the Commonwealth." Whether this be true or not, there is no doubt that many of the "stakes" would become "binders" if they could. It pays a doctor to marry, as in many cases people will not employ him if he is single; and, according to popular notions, a clergyman gets on all the better in his parish if he takes to himself a wife. Provided he is an incumbent, he is better married than single, supposing, of course, that he has an adequate income. But a poor curate should be very slow to listen to the promptings of his own affections, or the good-natured advice of friends who advise him to marry. Like other men he may wish to become a "binder in the hedge of the Commonwealth," and, if he does, he will not find any difficulty in doing so. For some young women are to be met with in every parish who would, without the slightest hesitation, marry a curate on 150*l.* a year. A poor curate need not be an Adonis, a stalwart specimen of muscular Christianity, or an æsthetic devoted to the worship of the Beautiful, he need not be "anything in particular" to induce one of his flock to go to the altar with him. Young women are, unfortunately, only too ready to take penniless young priests "for better or worse," without any misgiving that it may be "for worse" only. They indulge in rosy dreams of rectories, life-long comfort, and good social position. They forget that preferment is never certain, that there can be no comfort with a family in a poverty-stricken house, and that good society is rather inclined to give "the cold shoulder" to paupers. The women do not think of these things; the men who marry them, should.

A young curate falls in love with a girl. He knows that she has no money, and no prospects of getting any from parents or other relatives. He is in a similar position himself. His income is 150*l.* when he holds a good curacy. His preferment depends on the reputation he may make for himself, as he has no promise of a living, nor any friends able to present him to one. He has hopes. He is young, earnest, and popular. He seeks the society of the girl, does his best to win her love, succeeds, proposes, and is accepted. They put their heads together, and lover-like prattle about the happiness in store for them. They quote Scripture to settle any doubts they may have about the future being provided for, supposing that they have children. They are married. Then stern reality begins.

The curate perhaps finds out that his wife knows nothing about housekeeping. She can take a class in a Sunday School, but she cannot teach a servant how to boil a potato. He finds that her accomplishments do not go beyond the piano playing or singing he has listened to, and the execution of some water-colours, perhaps, that he has criticised with a lover's judgment. As the manager of a slender income he finds her sadly wanting. He has done what many clergymen have done before him—married a woman only fitted to be a rich man's wife. It would be reasonable to suppose that clergymen with small incomes would select thrifty, sensibly-educated girls for their partners. Some do, the majority do not. This is a well-known fact, but it is not easy to give any explanation why it should be so. Clergymen seem to have a *penchant* for marrying useless women. Any one connected with a society for assisting the families of poor clergymen can furnish ample testimony to prove the truth of this assertion. But let us suppose that the poor curate marries a thrifty although penniless girl. His condition is not very much improved. His wife's good management may make his income go a little further than it would do in the hands of a less competent woman; but the most careful management will not make an income that is barely sufficient for one do for two. The age of miracles is past, but to judge from the marriages they make, some of the clergy would seem to expect the advent of an Elijah to succour them in the trouble brought upon them by their own folly. What is the poor married curate to do?

Unless he goes to some very objectionable place where the incumbent is forced to offer more than the usual stipend, he cannot get more than 150*l.* a year. He has no other means of increasing his income; hard work will not do it. He may, perhaps, earn a few pounds by writing, but very few clergymen, curates especially, have time for literary work, while fewer still have the ability. Many in despair try to dispose of their sermons.

"We are almost overwhelmed with offers of sermons for publication in the —, or in the form of separate volumes, and are, of course, unable to accept or even entertain a twentieth part of the manuscripts offered to us," writes the head of a well-known firm in London. Every week his letter-box bears testimony to the efforts made by poor clergymen to earn money by sermon writing. An experienced writer, if he gets a publisher to take his MSS., cannot make much by his sermons; a curate without a name, except in the rarest cases, can make nothing.

Some clergymen increase their incomes by tuition. They either have pupils who reside with them, or who come to their rooms as day-boys. But if the poor married curate thinks of becoming a tutor, he finds out very soon that there is not much chance of his succeeding. Pupils are very hard to get either in town or country. The people who are able to afford private tuition for their sons always secure the services of a resident tutor, or in some cases a non-resident tutor, who has no other occupation to interfere with his duties. Then there are so many small, cheap schools conducted by clever University men, as well as by experienced ladies, that parents prefer to send their sons to them instead of asking the local clergy to undertake their education. A few years ago, before railway travelling made it possible for boys just out of the nursery to be sent about alone, parents were forced to educate their children at home; thus the clergy were often requisitioned as tutors. In those days, too, the clergy had more time at their disposal. Their churches were shut during the week. They had no Bible classes, teachers' meetings, or Guilds to attend to, no systematic parish work to keep them busily employed. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. A curate now, married or unmarried, has very little spare time, unless he has the good fortune to live in a parish where there are few poor. So that tuition can give little or no help to the poverty-stricken parson.

Failing to earn something by literary work or tuition, the poor married curate has no other resource but—to beg.

He does not ask for money, he begs its equivalent. When he hears of a vacant living he writes to the patron, sets forth his poverty, and asks, for the sake of his poor wife and children, that his application may be favourably considered. By degrees his finer susceptibilities are blunted, and at last he has no hesitation in begging boldly and persistently. As his children grow up, he begs hard for their admittance into charity schools. He has to put up with the humiliation of having food and bundles of cast-off clothing left at his door by people who take pity on him. As his family increases to the proverbial quiverful that falls to the lot of the clergy, his difficulties increase until they culminate in the loss of his curacy.

A poor married curate can never expect to stay long in one place. He must get into debt with the tradesmen. His Vicar hears of it, and soon comes to the conclusion that he must get rid of his married curate at any cost. This is easily done, and the miserable man, with his wife and children, is obliged to move, and attempt a fresh start in a new parish. But wherever he goes the same difficulties beset him. His poverty is soon known, his unpaid bills become the talk of the parish. Dissenters sneer at the scandal caused by a clergyman, and at last, if the Vicar does not take any steps to get

rid of him, the members of his congregation express their dissatisfaction in terms that leave him no choice but to seek a new curate. So much unpleasantness has been caused in various parts of the country by these pauper clergymen and their families, that numbers of incumbents take care when they advertise for a curate to state distinctly that they require an unmarried man. We may mention here, however, that there exists, to a great extent, among the beneficed clergy, a prejudice against married curates. The chief reason, of course, is that they are, as a rule, without means. But another reason is that modern curates frequently marry women who have not been accustomed to good society. Unfortunately the social standing of the clergy is not what it was, so that it is very possible for a vicar to find that his curate's wife is not the kind of person with whom his wife and daughters care to associate. Clergymen's wives and daughters, it may be said, should welcome curates and their wives to their family circles from a sense of duty, whether they are their social inferiors or not. This is very true, but the families of many clergymen will not subject themselves to any such unpleasantness, so the simple expedient is adopted of securing the services of unmarried curates. But even supposing that a curate is a gentleman and his wife a lady, unless he has great tact, he will not always find that the most perfect concord can be kept up between his house and the Vicarage. The Vicar's wife and the curate's wife are more often antagonistic than bosom friends.

It is a pity that this should be so, but we must take the world as we find it, and so in the present state of affairs a married curate, even with private means, will not find that he can keep "the even tenor of his way" so easily as his unmarried brother can.

For a man in any profession, in any station of life, marriage is a serious undertaking, but of all men curates have the most need to think twice before they commit themselves to such a step. As we have pointed out, they get into the most miserable difficulties when they marry on nothing but a curate's scanty pay. A man in any other profession can hide his poverty from the eyes of the world. He can live with his family in retirement, and remain unknown and unnoticed. It makes no difference to his principal whether he is poor or not. With the clergyman the case is different. His position as a public man makes retirement an impossibility. He cannot be unknown, and he cannot keep his family affairs to himself. So he has the misery of knowing that his poverty is a subject of common talk among his parishioners. But he has himself alone to blame for his position. People cannot help feeling some pity for him, but he deserves none. No man in possession of his faculties is ignorant of the cost of living, and the curate who has no income but his stipend must know perfectly well that it is not enough to keep two people, much less servants and children. He must know when he marries a girl without a penny that he will have to find a home for her on the same income that has only just kept himself in clothes, food, and lodgings. He must know that there is no increase of stipend given to a curate on his marriage. He must know that the possession of a wife does not give a clergyman any special claim on Bishops or other patrons. Indeed, a well-known Bishop has lately stated in public that it is no recommendation to him for a living, if a clergyman tells him that he is a poor man with a wife and family. The Bishop is quite right. No man is justified in marrying and bringing children into the world without a prospect of supporting them. The penniless curate who marries a penniless girl, whose sentimental dreams of "love in a cottage" may be excused in consideration of woman's weakness, cannot be too severely condemned. Silly fools may find excuses for him, and say that "it is very hard that he cannot marry the girl he loves, if he likes;" but all sensible men and women must acknowledge that it is harder still for a poor loving girl to be lured away from her home, and started on a life-long struggle with blighting, accursed poverty. It is the man who is to blame. Thoughtless, selfish—he is nothing better—to bring a girl who trusts him to misery and want, instead of leaving her free, or if he has engaged himself to her, honestly telling her that he will set her free from her engagement unless she likes to wait until he has a real home to offer her. It is no proof of love to marry a girl without the means of giving her the ordinary necessities of life. Men cannot help falling in love, nor can they guard against girls forming attachments for them, but we maintain that they can and should refrain from contracting improvident marriages. A curate has, no doubt, many temptations to marry, as owing to his position he is, perhaps, thrown into contact with women much more than laymen are. But if he cannot marry sensibly let him resist those temptations as it is his duty to do. Let him remain a bachelor, and deny himself a desire that he cannot gratify without injuring another. Let him practise self-denial. It is very hard, we all know, that the clergy are so miserably paid that they cannot afford to marry in so many instances, but under existing circumstances the path of duty for the poor curate is plainly marked. If this path were followed by all poor men who take orders we should not hear such piteous tales of broken-down clergymen out of employment, of their unfortunate wives prematurely aged, and killed by suffering and want; of their children starving; of their daughters being forced to go out into the world and earn their bread as they best can. There must always be poor curates among our clergy, but there need not be large families brought into the world by them to increase the huge army of pauperism.

W. S. R.



"THE ACTOR'S WIFE," by Edmund Leathes (S. Tinsley).—Actor as he acknowledges himself to be, it is quite evident that Mr. Leathes is not content to play a single part on life's fitful stage. Off the boards he aspires to the rôle of author, and in "The Actor's Wife" he poses as a sensational writer of the most avowed type, shipwrecks, railways, collisions, even murders, come glibly enough to his pen, and as we turn from page to page, from volume to volume, we wonderingly ask ourselves, when will the tale of melodramas be told. That Mr. Leathes possesses a certain knowledge of the world it is impossible to deny, and by the denizens of that portion of the universe with which he is acquainted it is possible his novel may be read with greedy interest, but we must confess it is not a healthy book, vice, with a slight veneer of virtue, is the ruling characteristic, and though the characters are not wholly bad, many are as repulsive aspen and ink can make them. Mr. Leathes possesses both culture and good feeling, his work bears evidence of careful thought and no small amount of interest; it is, therefore, to be regretted that he should have elected the part of a sensational writer: he is capable of far better things. More manly men than Arthur Cuthbert, more loyal women than Gertrude his wife, through the profession of which Mr. Leathes is a member; let us hear of their doings, of lives which shall show us that virtue can and does reign behind, as well as before the curtain; let such cowardly ruffians as Dick Rorman be left as the heroes of Transpontine plays, and not introduced into novels intended for the perusal of innocent girls. We rise from a careful perusal of "The Actor's Wife" with a feeling that its author is capable of far stronger work.

"Sir Gibbie," by George MacDonald, LL.D. (Hurst and Blackett).—Our remarks on the book are prompted by feelings of a very different nature. It is true that Dr. MacDonald takes us into the lowest slums of a Scotch seaport, and introduces us to characters who wallow in sin, but these poor wretches (to reach whom is the

aim and object of our City Missions, and of our still more valuable Mission to Seamen) know no other existence. Squalor, hunger, and crime is their normal state, and though we shudder at the picture, pity not blame is the predominant feeling in our hearts when their lives are thus graphically described. Yet even here, in the midst of all this vice, we meet ever and anon with some of Nature's truest noblemen. The wee deaf and dumb Sir Gibbie, son of a drunken father, who eked out a miserable existence as a cobbler, was one of these, his reverence for his sordid father is told as only Mr. MacDonald can tell such stories, and though the tale savours much of the improbable, it yet bears on its face such an impress of truth that we are irresistibly reminded of the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." Mr. MacDonald is at home amongst the brawling burns of his own bonnie Highlands, and when he takes Sir Gibbie away from the uncongenial neighbourhood of the Docks, and flies away *Up Daurside*, we settle ourselves down to a keen enjoyment of the good things this gifted author always has in store. As Mr. Blackmore, now that Kingsley has gone over to the majority, reigns supreme in Devon, so does Mr. MacDonald bear off the palm in all that relates to Scotch scenery. We are not wearied overmuch with provincial dialects, which so many authors are now so fond of placing in the mouths of all their characters, and even when introduced the Highland brogue is always intelligibly translated. After the rude buffeting of his early years, one is pleased to find that wee Sir Gibbie enters upon a prosperous manhood, and to see that prosperity makes him all the nobler to his old friends. Admirable as have been Mr. MacDonald's former works, we are inclined to think that in none has he achieved a more decided success than in "Sir Gibbie."

"Jack Allyn's Friends," by G. W. Appleton (S. Tinsley).—Just as every Spanish salad is dependent on garlic for its flavour, so is the ordinary three-volume novel dependent on horrors for its relish. Mr. Appleton has succeeded in writing a novel which combines the merits of Miss Braddon with those of Bret Harte. The plot is carefully prepared and interest sustained until the very close of the third volume. We must candidly confess that in the matter of the murder we were fairly thrown off the scent, and should without a doubt have cordially endorsed the jury's verdict against the fair Ethel, who (our code of morality may be wrong) we think had good grounds for wishing to rid the world of such a coward as her tormentor De Brissac. The stout old American, Bill Hooker, reminds us of one of Bret Harte's Rocky Mountain heroes, whose hearts are of the same sterling metal as that derived from their mines; Squire Allyn is as irascible as General Bounce and as warm-hearted; in fact, all the characters are well drawn, the women, more especially Nellie Allyn, being gifted with every beauty and every virtue. "Jack Allyn's Friends" is just the kind of book to commend itself to thousands of holiday-seekers this summer weather, and those who require light reading should at once order it.

"Like to a Double Cherry," by Phoebe Allen (Evelyns).—Miss Allen's former works have been invariably well spoken of, and we are glad to see that she has not fallen into the habit fatal to so many authors of scamping their work. A well-read and well-travelled woman, she turns her knowledge to good account, and draws a veil over those scenes which so many of her class like to lay bare. There is nothing which the most fastidious mother could possibly take exception to in the book; it might safely be placed in the hands of any schoolgirl, and yet it would interest all whose minds are still uncontaminated with the literary garbage which almost threatens to swamp healthier efforts. The *mise en scène* is laid in Germany, and the cherries are twin daughters of a Count von Rudersheim—fair to look upon, and almost undistinguishable in the softness of their beauty. They are yet very different in character, the one pliant and yielding, the other deceitful and false. True to Nature, the latter reaps happiness first, but Miss Allen possesses the power of doing what she will with those of her own creation, and we were relieved to find before we closed the book that the sweet Ludmilla is not to be left alone to die in despair. We opine that "Like to a Double Cherry" would come under the category of "fair fiction," as works have recently been classified by Mr. Ruskin. There is but one death in all its pages, and that by an accident, which is fatally common even in this country. Perhaps the great Art critic would damn Miss Allen's book with faint praise; we, on the contrary, feel bound to congratulate her on purity of style and grace of execution. She has written a book to which no one can take exception, and which many will highly appreciate. We can conceive no nicer present for our daughters than "Like to a Double Cherry."

"Corestone Rectory," by Carrie S. Matthews (Evelyns).—This is another very readable little novel, adapted, as it is intended, more especially for young ladies. Parents nowadays often find much difficulty in selecting what in olden times were called "Sunday books" for their families. If any wish to increase their stock of these very necessary adjuncts to every household, they cannot do better than send to Messrs. Evelyns for "Corestone Rectory," which will assuredly find favour with many readers.

A VISION OF LONDON FROM THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S

THE spectator mounts to the top of St. Paul's, and from the time-worn recesses of the Golden Gallery gazes at the wonders of the English metropolis, contemplates the phases of the grand and unique panorama, and reflects upon what it once was, what it now is, what in the course of years it may be.

The morning is bright and clear, the early mist has slowly faded away beneath the glorious rays of the June sun, and the dark and irregular masses of buildings, with their vast array of steeples and towers, of domes and shafts and pinnacles, stand boldly out on the pale blue sky. One huge labyrinth of streets, squares, lanes, and courts, dense with habitations and swarming with people, spreads in all directions as far as the eye can reach on the dusky horizon. And through their midst, in its easterly course, flows the broad and stately river, not like the Thames of the distant past, when its channel lay deep between grassy slopes, and its fresh waves rippled through copse and glen, or murmured low around the base of the mystic Druid temples; when strange wild creatures were wont to bask in its limpid stream, or lay stretched in the shade of the giant oaks, when the blast of the savage hunter was heard resounding along its shores, and the frail canoe of the fisherman skimmed lightly among the rushes; not martial and grim as it was when haughty Earl Godwin sailed up with his fleet to the Court of the monk-king Edward; not pompous and gay as when Queen Elizabeth's pageants swept over its surface; not gloomy as when sad freights were rowed through the sombre arch of the Traitors' Gate; not picturesque as when the crazy dwellings of Old London Bridge overshadowed its waters; not fiery as when two centuries since it glowed with the golden reflection of flames; not iced with winter's frost and lively with skaters and booths; but spanned by magnificent bridges of ironwork and masonry, flanked by massive embankments, and lined with quays and wharves, it rolls along in its winding bed like a mirror of burnished steel, and softly disappears amidst the bristling forests of masts.

And far and wide on either bank extend the numerous fabrics. What a vast expanse of housetops, what acres of tiles and slates, what myriads of windows and skylights, what an endless variety of gables, weather-vanes, crows, and chimneys the eye beholds! Every kind of edifice, every style of design, every form of construction, and every sort of material meets the view. There are grand palatial structures, with granite pillars and pediments, rivaling those of

Rome; churches whose fronts are blackened with smoke, and whose tempest-seared turrets are blanched with age, beneath and around whose walls lie buried the ashes of past generations; museums and galleries stored with treasures of priceless worth; gigantic columns and obelisks recording mighty events; statues and monuments raised to the memory of the illustrious dead; there are unfinished buildings surrounded by scaffolding, there are piles of enormous warehouses, blocks of imposing offices, and rows of handsome shops; there are clusters of houses of plaster and brick, closely packed in crooked files, of different heights and of almost every colour, and here and there a glimpse is caught of overhanging rickety tenements, built in a bygone age. And every district is rife with legend and romance, there is a history connected with every street, and every house has its tale. The region of Smithfield is red with the blood of the martyrs, and the axe of the headsman gleams from the walls of the Tower. The cry of distress goes up from the precincts of dark Alsatia, and the sound of revelry falls on the ear from the alleys and glades of Vauxhall. The shadow of the gibbet hangs over Tyburn, and Newgate is rank with crime. A dirge is re-echoed time after time through the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey as a king or a queen is laid to rest, and the ghosts of departed celebrities haunt the taverns and stalk through the theatres and clubs. In the newspaper quarter of Fleet Street have reigned the kings of the Press, and musty Paternoster Row savours of worm-eaten books.

The great London day has begun. A sullen continuous roar is heard like that of a restless sea. Grey volumes of smoke curl slowly up from the serried armies of chimneys. On the river the crowded steamboats glide rapidly to and fro, and shapeless lighters and clumsy barges float lazily on the tide. Long heavy trains are rumbling over the lattice-work bridges into the monster stations. The roadways are thronged with horses and vehicles; ponderous waggons, piled high with goods, are groaning beneath their loads; and carriages, cabs, and carts of every class are rattling noisily over the stones. The pavements ring with the tramp of countless feet; from abodes of luxury, from homes of comfort and happiness, from meagre lodgings, and from dens of misery, squalor, and vice come the hurrying multitude, old and young, rich and poor, side by side over the bridges and along the principal thoroughfares to their multifarious callings; and as one by one they vanish unperceived in the tortuous network of alleys, and their place is as quickly supplied by additional numbers, wave following wave in rapid succession, one thinks with pain how little each human being is missed, and how soon forgotten, in a City like this, when their earthly course is run. And unseen beneath the shielding roofs their brains and their hands are at work—planning, constructing, and scheming, exchanging, buying, and selling, deciding important questions of politics, finance, and law; occupied in every way that the fanciful mind can imagine. Some are flashing electric messages to the furthest points of the earth; some are being borne along in the tunnelled railways beneath the streets; scores of unfortunate wretches are toiling in prison cells, or awaiting with anxious hearts the verdict of pitiless justice. Ill-fated beings are writhing with pain in cheerless hospital wards, and in dismal asylums heroes and kings are wielding their sceptres of straw.

The roar becomes louder, the crowds grow thicker, the vast circumference teems with life. And above the din and the clatter is heard the clang of the many-voiced clocks, and soft and low, joyous and full, solemn and deep, tinkling, chiming, pealing, and tolling, the iron tongues of the bells resound from their lofty spires and turrets—St. Paul's rich and melodious, Big Ben sonorous and thrilling, St. Bride's cheerful and gay, St. Sepulchre's muffled and grave. And so these mysterious monitors ring in wild chorus the epochs of life. When their notes shall vibrate in the midnight air, when the City is shrouded in darkness, and the lamps glimmer pale in the streets, what strange events will have taken place, how many new-born subjects will the joy-bells of Bow Church have welcomed to the land of Cocagne, how many marriages will have been solemnised, how many souls will have passed away, what comings and goings, what gains and what losses, what gladness for some and what sorrow for others, what careers begun, what destinies sealed, what crimes committed, what promises broken, what hopes destroyed!

Day by day through a series of ages has the work of extension and improvement progressed, and in spite of tempests, conflagrations, and scourges, of civil strife and municipal conflict, from the germ of a primitive village, whose remains perhaps have not yet entirely crumbled away, but, lying concealed in the deep foundations, may one day perchance be brought to light, has risen the City we now behold—the monarch of capitals, the centre of commerce, the emporium of wealth, the home of liberty, the masterpiece of civilisation. Will the time ever come when this vast human hive will be finally hushed, and the rank weeds grow in its silent streets; when the owl will inhabit its ruined towers, and reptiles crawl through its mouldering heaps; when the river will noiselessly steal its way through stones and rubbish and tottering walls, and its slimy surface be undisturbed by the splash of the paddle or oar; when by day an awful quiet will reign, and by night the moon and the stars will shine on the ruins of Ancient London?

CHARLES J. HARRINGTON



WE have before us the sixth volume of Guizot's "History of France" (Sampson Low and Co.). The grandchild's History stopped at 1789, and the present volume is Madame de Witt's compilation from her father's notes and conversations. The work is of thrilling interest, though most of the period of which it treats is contained in one of those pages of history which we would fain keep unopened. The weird fascination of the story never showed more strikingly than in Madame de Witt's clear, well-arranged narrative. We note the general imbecility, the way in which everybody is cowed by a few ruffians; above all the wretched level of mediocrity to which, except in matters of generalship, the French had sunk. Fancy a Government whose chief director was Barras! Louis XIV.'s helpless cowardice at Varennes comes out much more strongly than in Carlyle. Of Bonaparte's gross selfishness and disregard of the common decencies of life, a striking instance is the interview with Cobenzel, the Austrian plenipotentiary, during which he dashed down a precious porcelain service, the gift of Empress Catherine to the Austrian. The volume, which is full of illustrations, is quite equal to its predecessors; though for the reason we have explained, it is in a somewhat different style.

Mr. H. Weekes' many pupils and friends will be very glad to read his "Lectures on Art" (Bickers and Son), a handsome volume interspersed with autotypes of the sculptor's chief works. These, especially the portrait-statues, are a great addition; for few artists have succeeded better than Mr. Weekes in mastering the difficulties of modern dress. To our mind his "John Hunter" comes very near perfection. The son of a Canterbury bank clerk, young Weekes early showed strong artistic talent, and was placed with Behnes, and afterwards with Chantrey, who thought so highly of him that he left him a legacy of £1,000, and also the task of finishing his unfinished works. In his art-criticism Mr. Weekes is now and then somewhat crotchety, and a little behind the age; but what he writes is worth reading, whether we agree with it or not. His remarks on colour in sculpture, which he thinks not inappropriate

in colossal statues and in minute ones, nor under some circumstances in those of life-size, which, however, are ordinarily preserved from sensuousness by being "cut off from common nature," are sound and sensibly put. He always insisted that "England in Art must be English, if she would hope to retain a mark of distinctiveness hereafter," while, of course, she is bound to be poetical, seeing that the greatest poets of the modern world are her children. We commend to the prophets of a certain Art-school the following:—"Flaxman could not have been the great sculptor he was without having been also the good man that his life shows him to have been."

Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrew's, seems to think it a marvellous thing for Shakespeare to have known (what any miracle play would have taught him) that Cain was the first murderer, and that Job was poor. He actually quotes Shylock's oath "by Jacob's staff" as "further evidence of our poet's diligent and exact attention to the inspired record." As well might he cite the "Jacob's ladder" of the herbalists as proof of their careful study of Genesis. We don't wish to question Shakespeare's knowledge of Scripture, though all the boys of that day must, from stained windows and carvings, have known Jacob's staff as well as they did St. Paul's staff or St. Peter's keys. But that, when he makes Coriolanus say: "I go alone like to a lonely dragon," he was thinking of Job, "I am a brother to dragons," does not seem a necessary conclusion. Nor can we think that Our Lord's words: "I saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven," suggested Salisbury's remark in *Richard II.*, "I see thy glory like a shooting star fall to the base earth." That "bruit," "runagate," "wit," &c., occur both in the Bible and in Shakespeare, is surely accounted for by their being words in common use; that was how they found a place in the work of our translators. Bishop Wordsworth's book is in two parts—the noticeable words and forms of speech in both books; and the Scripture facts alluded to by Shakespeare and the Bible sentiments contained in his plays. He apologises for reprinting the first part; to our mind the whole book, "Shakespeare and the Bible" (Smith and Elder), needs an apology. That it has reached a third edition we can only explain from the fact that a great many people will buy anything that is written by a Bishop, while five out of six would rather read something about Shakespeare than Shakespeare himself. We are glad that at any rate Bishop Wordsworth falls foul of Bowdler; but we do protest against being kept always on the look out for allusions. How can we enjoy our *As You Like It*, when we are reminded that "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, &c.," is an undoubted parallel to the Psalmist's "It is good for me to have been afflicted?" Will Bishop Wordsworth take Swinburne in hand? He will find in him a forcible and altogether unexpected way of using Scriptural phrases very different from anything in Shakespeare.

Jules Verne's hero went round the world in eighty days, but then he saw nothing save the insides of cabins and railway carriages. Mr. R. W. Leyland, who accomplished the feat in forty-four days more, managed to see a good deal of all the countries that he visited. He was three weeks in Japan, for instance; and in that time did most of what is to be done, including the Hakone Lake and Myanooshta, a mountain-Harrogate, where he managed to get several hot baths. He found out that Satsuma ware is no longer to be had in the open market, and that Buddhist priests who have show-temple like that which is contrived inside the colossal bronze "Daibutz," understand the visitors' weakness for "Burton," and are sure to keep a supply on hand. Mr. Leyland's worst time was between Salt Lake City and Quebec. His section of a Pullman Car was shared by a hatchet-faced young lady in spectacles, of whom he quaintly says, "Somehow we didn't get on well together." The rest of the car was filled with a swarm of children, who made evening so hideous that he retreated to a second-class carriage. However, he won the bet which an American forced on him at the Walker House, getting to Quebec forty minutes on the right side. He sent note of time, attested by signatures of two fellow passengers, "but I have not yet heard from the other party." All intending globe-trotters should read "Round the World in 124 Days" (Liverpool: Walsley; London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.), and those whose ambition does not run that way will find the descriptions, even of old scenes, lively; while the photographs are very good, and the map quaint and original.

"The Illustrated Book of Canaries and Cage-Birds, British and Foreign" (Cassell and Co.), is even more beautifully illustrated than Messrs. Cassell's other books on birds. Few of us have any notion how many of these dainty creatures—cut-throats, silver-bills, Virginia nightingales, cardinals, red and green—are kept in aviaries. Some of the most unlikely-looking—the whydahs or widow-birds, for instance, with their long sweeping tails—are really the easiest to keep. The letterpress contains full directions for choosing and feeding pets; those about to buy a grey parrot, for instance, are warned that an acclimatised bird at 5/- is cheaper than a raw young one at 5s. But the bulk of these 450 quarto pages is devoted to canaries: Coppies, Clears, Ticked-birds, and, above all, Norwich birds. The Edict of Nantes French have everywhere taken to bird-fancying; but at Norwich they have, by feeding the canaries on cayenne, developed a monster with a cap of brown feathers covering eyes and whole head almost to the tip of the beak. The effect is as repulsive as that of the Belgian "position-bird," which seems keeping up a perpetual salaam, is ridiculous. The Scotch fancies are modified Belgians; and with hang-dog face and long level neck remind us of some of *Punch's* Ritualist priests. We do wish the poor little canary could be left in its native beauty. Teach it to sing Wagner if that be possible, but don't make a monster of it by strange foods and unnatural selection. The best picture in the book is a woodcut representing three solemn Scots "judging" a canary at the Glasgow show. Messrs. Cassell have in this volume conferred a boon not on canary-fanciers only, but on all who are fond of feathered pets.

In "London Town, Sketches of London Life and Character" (Tinsley), Mr. Marcus Fall, after distinguishing between the Londoner and the Londonist who, born in some country village, is now more enthusiastic about the great city than any native, takes us to Madame Tussaud's, tells us about the Drapers' Assistant, the Old Maid, the Newspaper-boy, the Victims of the Speculative Builder, &c. Sometimes he harrows us, as in "the haunted man," a poor fellow ruined by a Chancery suit, who lives alone and unknown in a lodging off Covent Garden. Sometimes he is funny, as when he holds up to deserved scorn the "superior bar-lounger;" or sternly severe, as when he scathes with righteous indignation the young clerks who "launch their unclean humour at a flower-girl on the kerb." "At Gatti's" is a pretty little chapter; to some folks tea at Gatti's is "the nearest thing in the world to being on a honeymoon in Paris." Mr. Fall's volumes are light, but lively; we should like to hear what Charles Lamb would say about them.

Mrs. Hubbard has found her husband; and in "The Three M's; Mind, Manners, and Morals" (Chapman and Hall), the two instruct Harry and Fred and Mattie in the lessons of life and the duty of unselfishness. "Pleasant looks cost nothing, and pleasant words are easy to give, even to servants who have but little in their lives to make them happy compared with their employers." This is good advice, and we believe in no age of the world was it more needed than in this, when our *jeunesse dorée* is forgetting the traditions of old-world consideration for others, and when the place of Catechism Christianity is taken by wild sensationalism or mechanical ritual. To good Mrs. Hubbard, who never tires of being with her children, and whose children therefore never weary of being with her, a foil is hinted at in the person of a mamma of whom her son says piteously, "No, Mamma never goes out with us, she has always something else to do." We don't believe in never leaving

children alone; but we are sure the proverb of "a little wholesome neglect" has often been made the cloak for indifference to parental duties.

"The History of the Imperial Ottoman Gendarmerie" is the somewhat ambitious title of an interesting pamphlet by Colonel W. J. Coope, whose name will be remembered, together with those of other English officers, in connection with many dangerous and serviceable enterprises in the Russo-Turkish War. It is intended to refute a singularly ill-advised statement in an important article which recently appeared in *Blackwood's*, which was a slur upon the honour and integrity of British officers serving in the Ottoman Gendarmerie, and which really accused them of drawing their salaries from the Porte without doing a stroke of work in return. We need not go into the details of the pamphlet, which is full of interest, and throws strong light on the ways of the Pashas. Suffice it to say that we think Colonel Coope has completely proved his case; which is, in brief, that the Porte itself prevented, and still prevents, by stolid prevarication and persistent "put-off" the organisation of the gendarmerie for which the English officers were ostensibly engaged; and that those officers, in spite of the outrageous insults and contumely which they suffered, more particularly from Ghazi Osman, the hero of Plevna, succeeded by strenuous efforts in obtaining and performing work which was of the greatest possible benefit to Turkey. Indeed, the view of Osman furnishes in these pages only confirms the opinion, fast gaining ground, that he is obstinate and bigoted, utterly devoid of statesmanlike qualities, and quite unfit for the high position which he holds. Colonel Coope even goes so far as to deny him the possession of real military talent; and says, with some reason and justice, that the true hero of Plevna is Tefik Pasha, the engineer, whose modesty has prevented his merits from being fully recognised at Stamboul. The pamphlet is marked by a quiet and dignified style, befitting its peculiar object. Apart from its purely personal bearings, however, it contains much information, and several suggestions which are appropriate and acceptable; and now, that the Eastern Question is once more to the front, it should be widely read (W. H. Allen and Co.).

The valuable library of works on the Electric Telegraph, and Magnetic and Electric Science generally, collected by the late Sir Francis Ronald, has now become the property of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, who, in accordance with his desire, have published, though at very great cost, the unique and useful catalogue which was the work almost of his lifetime, and which contains over 13,000 entries, not only of the works in the library itself, but of every book on the subject that came under the author's notice. This catalogue is doubly interesting from the fact that it was compiled by a man who is justly called the father of English Telegraphy—Ronald, having demonstrated its possibility thirty years before the electric telegraph came into practicable operation—and it will prove of great use to those engaged in experiment or research, not only in the particular branches of science named, but in those many other departments of physics which are more or less closely connected with electricity. The work has been edited by Mr. Alfred J. Frost, acting-librarian to the Society, who also contributes a well-written memoir of the author, and is published by Messrs. E. and F. N. Spon.

There is not much to commend in "The Quadrangle by Moonlight," by Alfred Leach (Aberdeen: D. Wyllie and Son). It is a reverie concerning Marischal College, Aberdeen, which will, no doubt, interest those who are more immediately concerned. Of the verses which help to fill up the little pamphlet nothing need be said.

"The 'Purgatory' of Dante Alighieri," edited with translation and notes by Arthur John Butler (Macmillan) is a work which will be found extremely useful by all students of the great Florentine poet. It has been very cleverly executed, and the juxtaposition of the original text with the translation makes it the more useful.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—The clever young composer Louis N. Parker, A.R.A.M., has taken a bold flight, and not without a due amount of success, in setting to music a poetical Idyl called "Silvia," by Seward Mariner. The plot is very obscure, the *dramatis personae*, a love-born maiden Silvia and her friend Sybil, a poet and a huntsman, both without names, chorus of men and women. What it is all about we cannot undertake to say; it ends with Silvia dying of a broken heart at the hymeneal altar, having married the huntsman who is rich instead of the poor poet. The music is bright and melodious, not very scientific, but in it are perceptible the germs of good things to come. A hunting chorus, "Hark to the Merry Horn," is a very pleasing composition, as are also the introduction and chorus "Softer Winds," and Sylvia's ballad, "They for Unfeeling Gold."—The "Success Symphony," in E major must be quite a maiden effort of E. G. Whithers, and as such its ambitious title and feeble musical merits may be forgiven in the hope of something better in the future.—"The Hunsdon Valse" for the pianoforte by E. F. Le Perrier is a very poor composition of an ordinary type.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.—Part X. of "A Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Mozart to Opera) is the least interesting of the volumes issued; we had no idea that so little matter worthy of attention could be classed under letter N and far into O. The first forty-two columns, devoted to Mozart, are interesting, as are also "The History of Notation" and "Opera" so far as it goes; beyond these the short notices for the most part partake of the ordinary dictionary brevity.

LEONARD TASKER.—The first four numbers of *Music*, a weekly newspaper for musicians and amateurs, are before us, and candidly speaking we cannot prophesy a long life for the young stranger, unless more vitality and originality be infused therein. It is not sufficient to provide a piece of music by a well-known composer weekly, however good it may be; musical subjects at home and abroad, good reviews, foreign correspondence, and sound original criticism; there is a first-rate opening for such a paper in *Music*, as it is there is far too much of the paste and scissor element. The four musical contributions are not the best specimens of their respective composers. "I Bid Thee Forget" is a common-place ballad by Jessie and Frank L. Moir.—A. C. Mackenzie was unfortunate in his selection of Sir Walter Scott's poem, "Oh, Hush Thee My Baby," which Sullivan has made his own, and failed to produce any musical effect with it.—"Gondoliers" by Fritz Spindler is a pretty little pianoforte piece, and a "Russian Lullaby" by H. Hoffman is fairly good.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A good song for a national or people's concert is "England's Heroes," written and composed by Muriel Knyvett and W. Hill. Of but very medium merit are both words and music of a love ballad "For You Alone," written and composed by Frank L. Moir (W. Czerny).—Original and inspiring are the words of "The Song of the Glass," by John F. Walker, LL.D., which Sir R. P. Stewart has set to a bold and stirring melody (Messrs. Cramer, Wood, and Co.).—A very dramatic song, especially when accompanied by the harmonium as well as the pianoforte, is Berthold Tours' admirable setting of Longfellow's noble poem, "The Three Singers," with which an intelligent contralto singer may produce an excellent effect (Messrs. Boosey and Co.).



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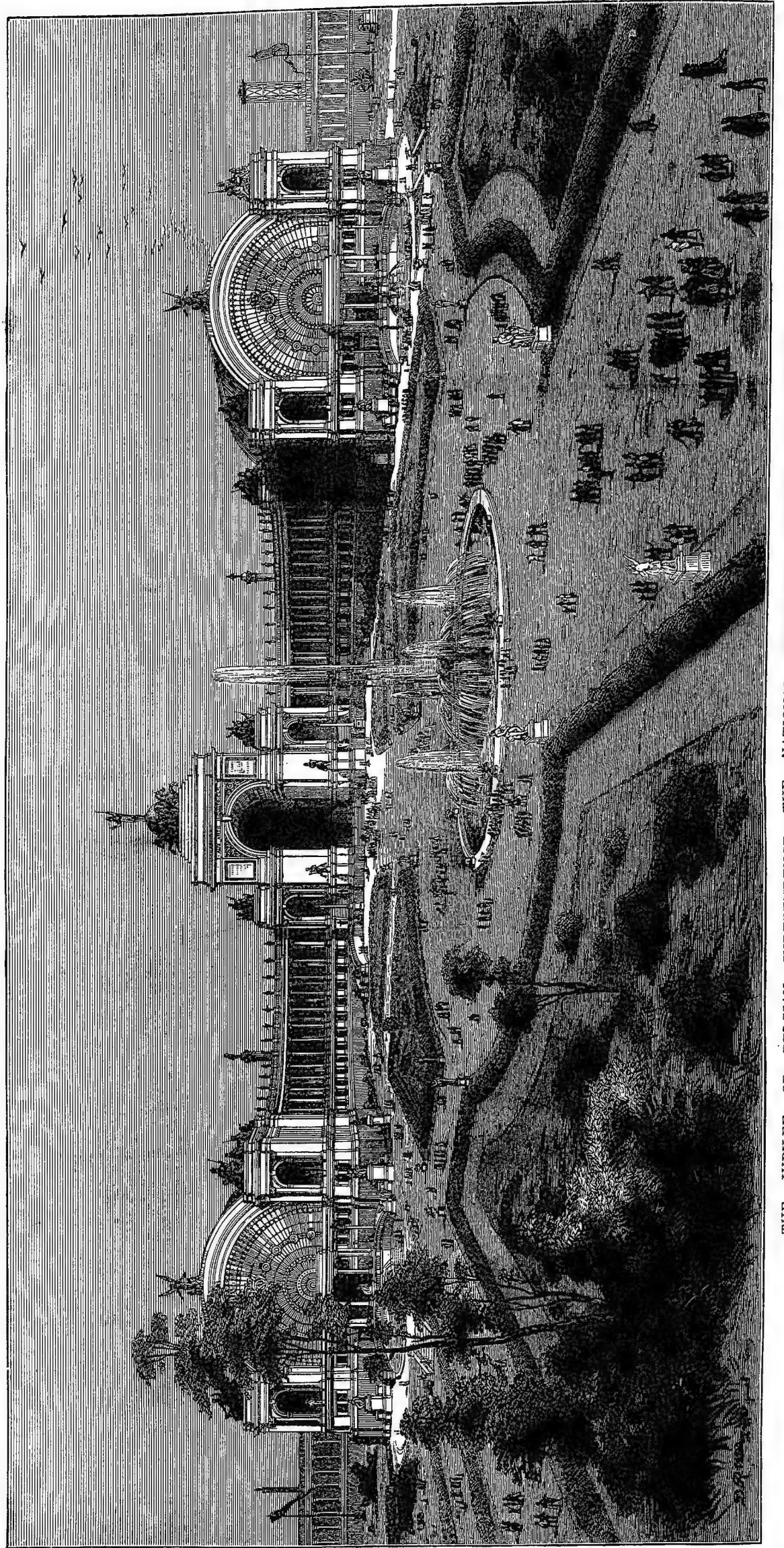


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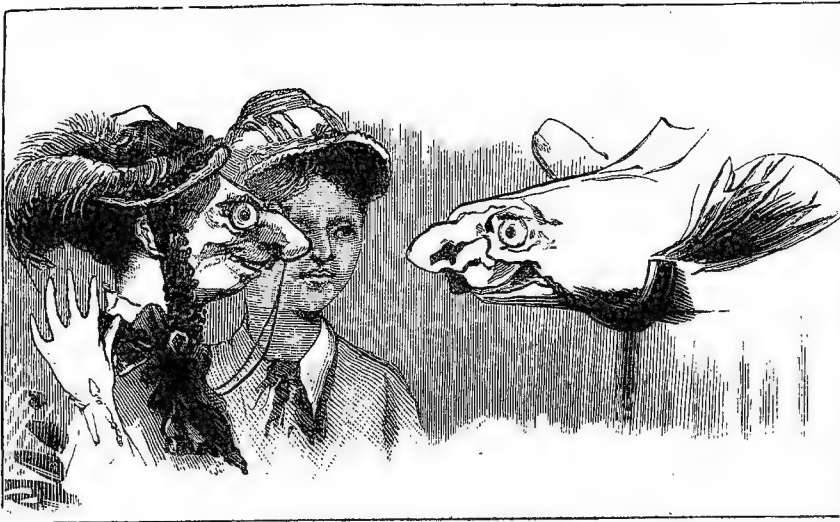


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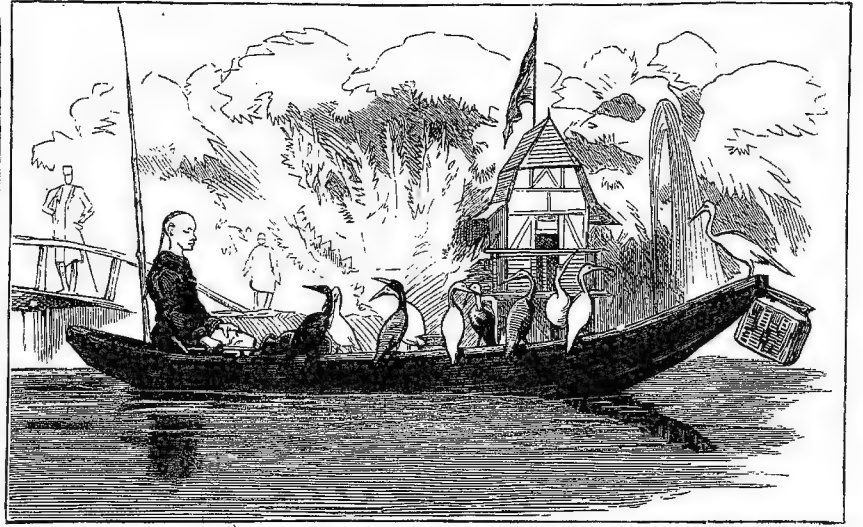
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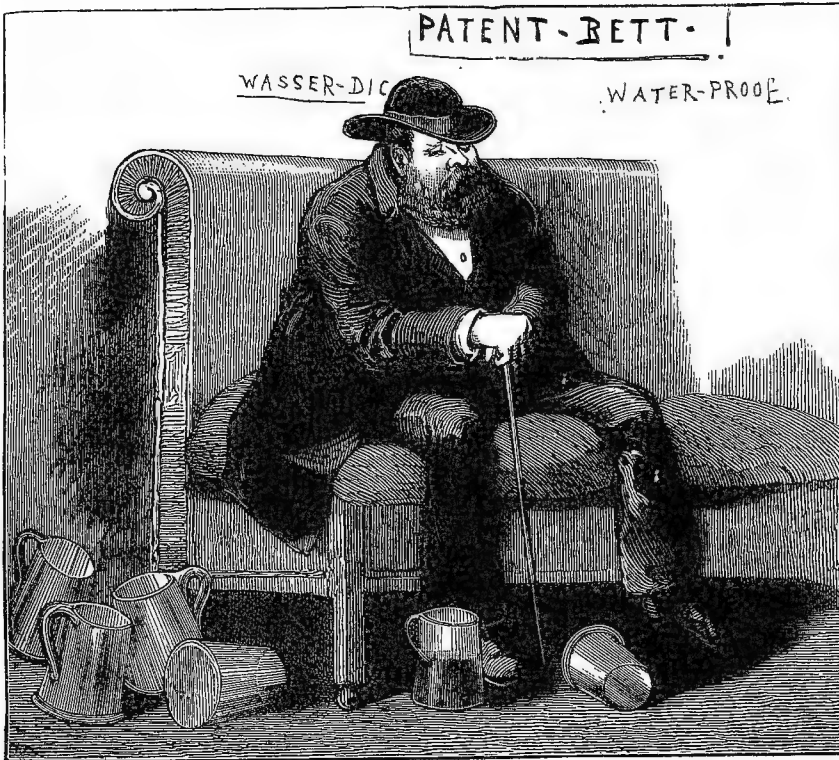
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CHINESE FISHERMAN WITH CORMORANTS

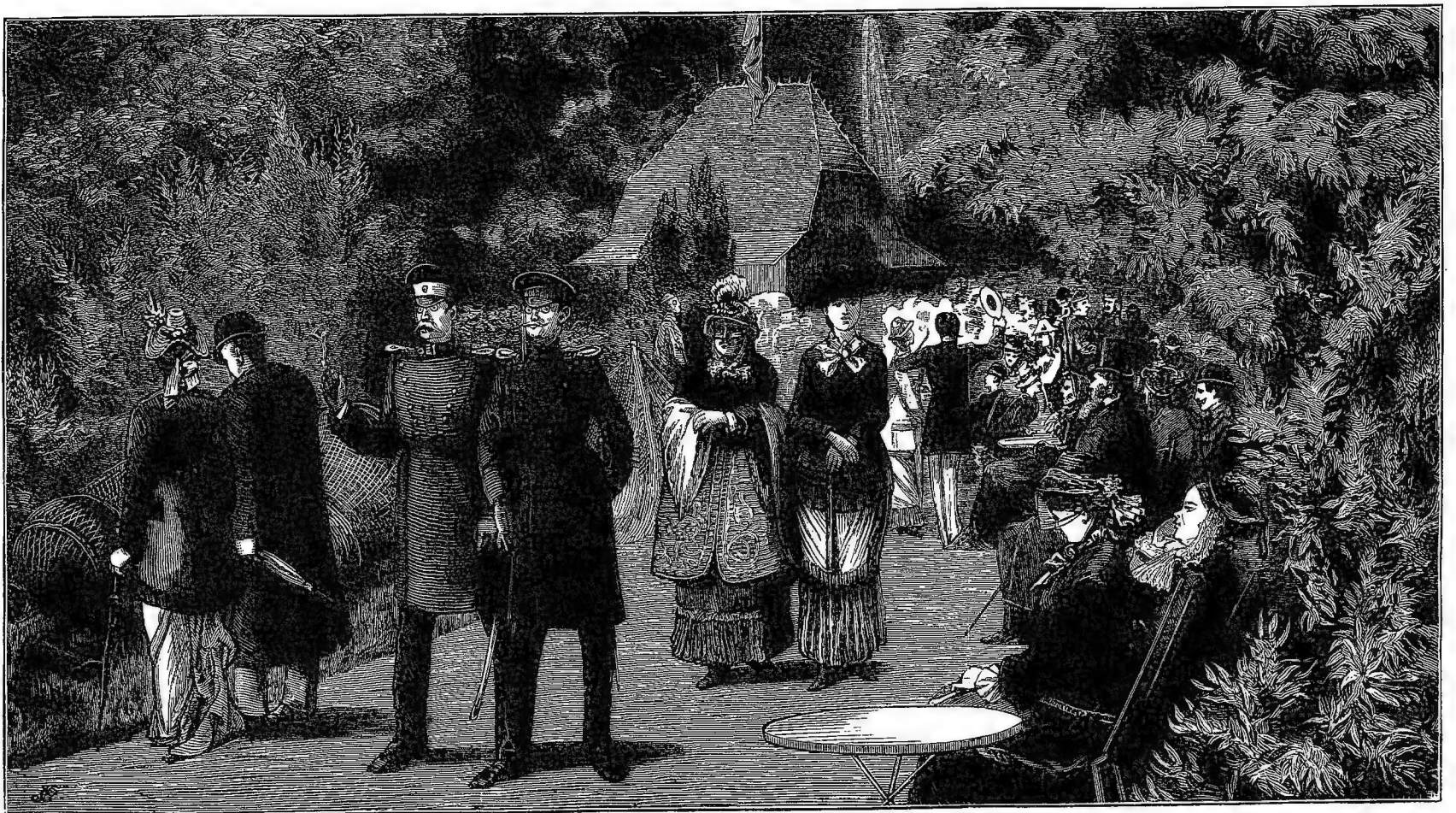


THE BEER-FISH—A SKETCH IN THE BIER-GARTEN



TYPES OF THE VISITORS

A FISHERMAN FROM THE BALTIC



IN THE GROUNDS

THE FISHERY EXHIBITION AT BERLIN

giving judgment in the case of Whiteley v. Sharpe. The action was brought to recover twelve guineas, the price of a sealskin jacket supplied to Mrs. Sharpe, a garment which the Judge declared to be, though suitable, not necessary, for a lady in her position, and, as it was shown that she had no authority to pledge her husband's credit, judgment was given for the defendant.

THE HARLEY STREET MYSTERY.—Much excitement has been created by the discovery in the cellar of a house in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, of some human remains, under circumstances which seem to lead to the conclusion that a murder has been committed. From the evidence of the medical men engaged in the case, the body appears to be that of a woman about thirty or forty years of age, and somewhat short in stature. It was found doubled up in a flour-barrel, in a partially decomposed state; with it were some remnants of underclothing, and a red coral bead was found embedded in the flesh of the neck. It was covered with chloride of lime, the hair of the head had been cut off, the spine had

been curved by pressure after death, and there was "an opening" in the right side, probably the effect of a stab during life. The inquest has been adjourned. Mr. Henriques, the gentleman who occupies the house, has lived there more than twenty years, and his present butler, by whom the remains were first discovered, came to him about eighteen months ago, which is about the time when a disagreeable stench seems to have been noticed, and which also corresponds approximately to the period when the doctors say the body must have been placed where it was found. The Henriques family with their servants go out of town every autumn, and the house is then left in charge of a caretaker. These particulars form the slender clue which it will be the duty of the detective police to follow up: let us hope with a more satisfactory result than that of the recent Euston Square mystery, to which the present horror has so strong a resemblance.

THE "ZULUS" who have been brought to this country for exhibition continue to be a thorn in the side of the metropolitan magistrates.

One of the troupe now engaged at the Aquarium was on Monday night taken into custody as "drunk and disorderly," having been found at a public house "knocking people about with an umbrella." After being turned into the street he became so violent that the police gave him the "frog's march," that is, carried him face downwards to the station. Mr. Partridge remanded the case, accepting bail for the production of the prisoner, and issuing a summons to compel the attendance of the manager of the public house. He remarked that "it was high time these men were sent back to their own land, for they had proved a great trouble here. They did not understand the language, or customs, or law of this country, and could not understand being ordered out of a house; besides, they might be subjected to all manner of insult, and serious consequences might ensue." On Wednesday the case was again before Mr. Partridge, who discharged the "Zulu," on hearing that he and two others of the troupe were to be sent back immediately to Natal.

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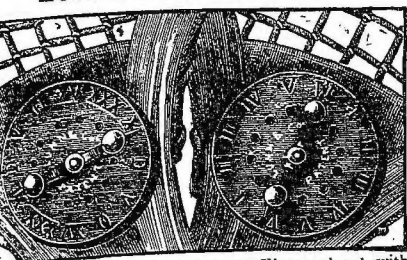
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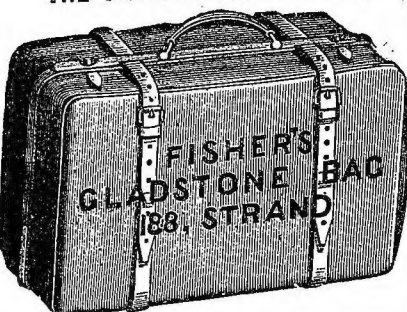
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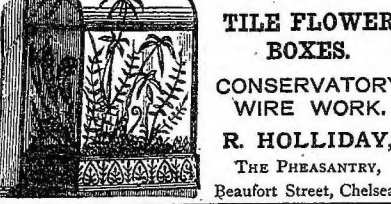
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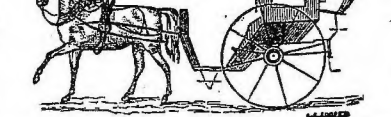
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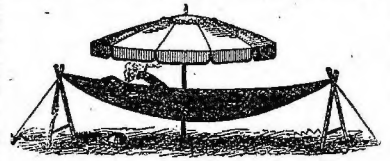
A million pieces to clear. The Business to be Disposed Of. 100,000 pieces brown pulps, 2d. per piece; 200,000 pieces white pulps, 3d. per piece; 70,000 pieces satins, 6 1/2d. per piece; 5,000 pieces stamped goods, 2s. per piece. The whole must be cleared regardless of cost. Patterns sent free of any quality. Any quantity supplied, from 6 pieces to 20,000.

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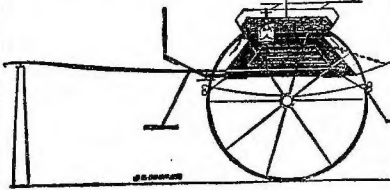


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CARRIAGES SUPPLIED ON THREE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.

THE BEST DOG CART IS



JOLLY and SON'S
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Shafts attached, with "fulcrums" in front, and slide couplings behind; perfect ease to passengers and horse on the roughest roads. Elegant, durable, and latest style.

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Odourless, Smokeless, Portable, Safe and Cleanly.

They will roast joints or poultry, boil fish, vegetables, &c., fry chops, steaks, or bacon, bake bread, pastry, tarts, or pies, toast, heat flat-irons, and in fact do the entire work of a kitchen fire, over which they have the advantage of being lit or extinguished in a moment. They save keeping a fire in hot weather, are very economical, and for domestic use are unequalled, being the only perfect Oil Stoves made.

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And say where you saw this advertisement.

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Was awarded HIGHEST PRIZE AT PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

And the JURY in their REPORT say:—

"The 'Archimedean' did the Best Work of any Lawn Mower Exhibited."

Will Cut Long or Wet Grass as well as Short and Dry without Clogging

"Far superior to any of ours."—*Vide THE FIELD.*

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

IN ONE SHILLING CANISTERS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. WHOLESALE OF

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SPEARMAN and SPEARMAN (Plymouth) devote their attention to the production of pure Wool Materials for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear, and warn the public to BEWARE of imitations of their Royal Devonshire Serge, which is declared by the QUEEN to have NO RIVAL EITHER IN APPEARANCE OR UTILITY.

ROYAL DEVONSHIRE SERGE

New Colours and Mixtures for the Present Season. Prices, for Ladies' wear, 1s. 6 1/2d., 1s. 11 1/2d., 2s. 3d., and 2s. 9d. per yard; for Gentlemen's Suits and Boys' hard wear (new patterns), from 2s. 11d. per yard, 54 in. in width. Any length cut. Carriage paid to London, Dublin, Belfast, or Glasgow. Patterns post free. State whether for Ladies' or Gentlemen's wear.

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From the most Celebrated Masters.

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Prices.

Every description of Mouldings at the very Lowest Prices.

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OPPOSITE DRURY LANE THEATRE.

CAUTION: ONLY ADDRESS—

ROWLAND WARD & CO.,

ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY GALLERIES,

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CAUTION.—Our Mr. ROWLAND WARD is the only member of the long unvaried and experienced WARD family now left in the profession.

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Gives Forty Copies of Circulars, Music, Examination Questions, Drawings, Plans, &c.

This Copying Process has been adopted by Her Majesty's Government, who have paid the inventor (Mr. Fellows) £500 for the privilege of using it throughout all their departments. No tedious washing off. Negatives available for years. Suits all climates. Full particulars post free.—CHARLES FELLOWS,

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ADVANTAGES.

Are entirely free from SMELL

Are not POISONOUS

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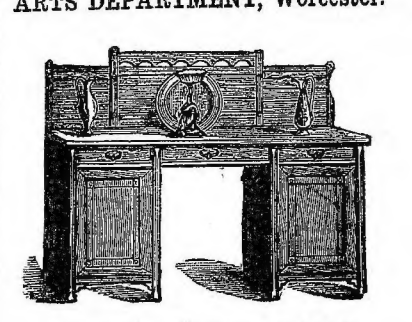
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CLERGY SIDEBOARD,

5 ft. 6 in. wide, Brown Ash, Brass handles, £7 7s.

See Exhibits by C. TRAPNELL in the ARTS DEPARTMENT, viz.:

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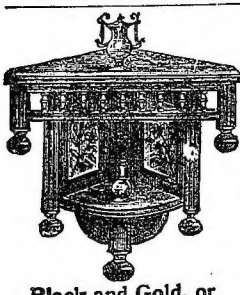
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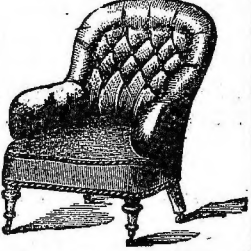
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Black and Gold, or Walnut and Gold Decorated Corner Bracket, 10s. 6d.
A large variety of Early English Brackets, &c., always kept in stock.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT
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Orders per post receive prompt and faithful attention.
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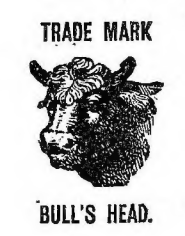


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Spring Seat, good castors 24s. 6d.
Superior ditto, stuffed all hair 30s. 0d.
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EXTRA QUALITY NEEDLES,
AS MADE FOR THE MAGAZINS DU BON MARCHE, PARIS.
EACH NEEDLE PERFECT.

May be obtained from all Drapers, or a Sample Hundred sent by post for Sixteen Stamps.

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"PERSONAL," Decoration of THE CROSS of
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QUEEN by Special Warrant.
IN THE WORLD.
PARIS, 1878.
the KNIGHT of the LEGION of HONOUR.
ASK FOR GENUINE OR DOUBLE SUPERFINE IN SQUARE TINS.



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RAY AND MILES,
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PURE, MILD, and MELLOW.
DELICIOUS and MOST WHOLESOME.
THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.
Dr. HASSALL says—"Soft and Mellow, Pure, well Matured, and of very Excellent Quality."
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WARNING! WHEN YOU ASK FOR
RECKITT'S PARIS BLUE,
See that you get it!
As bad qualities are often substituted. The genuine is used by the Laundresses of the
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A most convenient and becoming shape, in an excellent quality of Navy Serge, trimmed with White or Scarlet Braid, 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 16s. 6d., according to size. Also for Children, from 8s. 6d. In ordering send height and size round shoulders.
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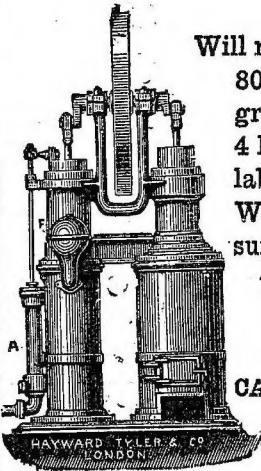


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"Out of 4,199 LONDON FIRES during 1878, no fewer than 2,540 were extinguished by the LONDON BRIGADE HAND PUMP" (Vide CAPTAIN SHAW'S REPORT).
LONDON BRIGADE HAND FIRE PUMP, with Pail, Cover, Two Hoses, and Jet complete, packed and delivered in England free, £5 5s.
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IRISH LINENS
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BLEACHERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND MERCHANTS
BELFAST.
ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.
will forward to any Railway Station, carriage paid on parcels of £5 and upwards in value,
DAMASK TABLE LINENS, DIAPERS, SHEETINGS, PILLOW LINENS, SHIRTINGS, TOWELLINGS, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, Bordered and Hem-stitched, Plain and Embroidered, in White and Coloured, the production of their own Looms, at Wholesale Prices.
PRICE LISTS AND PATTERNS POST FREE.
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ELLIS'S "ABSOLUTELY PURE."
SEE ANALYSES—Sent Post Free on Application.
RUTHIN Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Aromatic Ginger Ale.
For GOUT, Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potass Water.
CORKS BRANDED "R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Name and Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of
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Will raise 500 GALLONS OF WATER PER HOUR 80 FEET HIGH, or a smaller quantity to a greater height, WITH A CONSUMPTION of 4 lbs. of COKE PER HOUR. Requires no skilled labour. Is PERFECTLY SAFE, it being WORKED by HOT AIR does not affect insurance. Has NO STEAM BOILER.
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TWO SILVER MEDALS, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1879.
CAN BE SEEN AT WORK DAILY (except Saturday) at
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The British Architect says of Messrs. Liberty and Co.'s Silks: "For artistic draperies and costumes, these soft pliant silks are invaluable, being full in colour, without any approach to gaudiness."
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